

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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By Vaughan Devlin

In the Wake of the Reformers

By Richard Hammons

The Soul of a Man

By Grace Keon

Happy Christmas and the Church

By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D.

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Sin of the Prince Bishop

By WILLIAM CANTON

THE Prince Bishop Evrard stood gazing at his marvellous Cathedral; and as he let his eyes wander in delight over the three deep sculptured portals and the double gallery above them, and the great rose window, and so up to the massive towers, he felt as though his heart were clapping hands for joy within him. And he thought to himself, "Surely in all the world God has no more beautiful house than this which I have built with such long labor and at so princely an outlay of my treasure." And thus the Prince Bishop fell into the sin of vainglory, and, though he was a holy man, he did not perceive that he had fallen.

In the double gallery of the west front there were many great statues with crowns and sceptres, but a niche over the central portal was empty, and this the Prince Bishop intended to fill with a statue of himself. It was to be a very small simple statue, as became one who prized lowliness of heart, but as he looked up at the vacant place it gave him pleasure to think that hundreds of years after he was dead people would pause before his effigy and praise him and his work. And this, too, was vainglory.

As the Prince Bishop lay asleep that night a mighty six-winged Angel stood beside him and bade him rise. "Come," he said, "and I will show thee some of those who have worked with thee in building the great church, and whose service in God's eyes has been more worthy than thine." And the Angel led him past the Cathedral and down the steep street of the ancient city, and, though it was midday, the people going to and fro did not seem to see them. Beyond the gates they followed the road till they came to green level fields, and there in the middle of the road, two great white oxen, yoked to a huge block of stone, stood resting before they began the ascent.

"Look!" said the Angel. And from a hut of wattles and clay a little girl came with a bundle of hay in her arms, and gave first one of the oxen and then the other a wisp. Then she stroked their black muzzles, and laid her rosy face against their white cheeks. Then the Prince Bishop saw the teamster rise from his rest on the bank and cry to his cattle, and the oxen strained against the beam and the thick ropes tightened, and the huge block of stone was again set in motion.

And when the Prince Bishop saw that it was these fellow-workers whose service was more worthy in God's eyes than his own, he was sorrowful for his sin, and the tears of his own weeping awoke him. So he sent for the master of the sculptors and bade him fill the little niche over the middle portal, not with his own effigy but with an image of the child; and he bade him make two colossal figures of the white oxen; and to the great wonderment of the people these were set up high in the tower.

"And as for me," he said, "let my body be

buried, with my face downward, outside the great church, in front of the middle entrance, that men may trample on my vainglory and that I may serve them as a stepping-stone to the house of God; and the little child shall look on me when I lie in the dust."

Now the little girl in the niche was carved with wisps of hay in her hands, but the child who had fed the oxen knew nothing of this, and as she grew up she forgot her childish service, so that when she had grown to womanhood and chanced to see this statue over the portal she did not know it was her own self in stone. But what she had done was not forgotten in heaven.

And as for the oxen, one of them looked east and one looked west across the wide fruitful country. And one caught the first golden splendor of the sunrise; and the other was lit with the color of the sunset long after the lowlands had faded away in twilight. Weary men and worn women looking up at them felt that a gladness and a glory and a deep peace had fallen on the life of toil. And then, when people began to understand, they said it was well that these mighty laborers, who had helped to build the house, should still find a place of honor in the house; and they remembered that the Master of the house had once been a Babe warmed in a manger by the breath of kine.

Now over the colossal stone oxen hung the bells of the Cathedral. On Christmas Eve the ringers, ascended to their gallery to ring in the birth of the Babe Divine. At the moment of midnight the great bells began to swing in joyful sequence. Down below in the crowded church lay the image of the new-born Child on the cold straw, and at His haloed head stood the images of the ox and the ass. Far out across the snow-roofed city, far away over the white glistening country rang the glad music of the tower. People who went to their doors to listen cried in astonishment: "Hark! what strange music is that? It sounds as if the lowing of cattle were mingled with chimes of the bells." In truth it was so. And in every byre the oxen and the kine answered the strange sweet cadences with their lowing, and the great stone oxen lowed back to their kin of the meadow through the deep notes of the joy-peal.

In the fullness of time the Prince Bishop Evrard died and was buried as he had willed, with his face humbly turned to the earth; and to this day the weather-wasted figure of the little girl looks down on him from her niche, and the slab over his grave serves as a stepping-stone to pious feet.

OUR Passionist Priests and Sisters of Charity in China are building God's temple in the hearts and souls of the poor Chinese. They are not building for their own glory. They are building for Jesus Christ. The help you give them shall not be forgotten in heaven.

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vo. IV

DECEMBER, 1924

No. 5

Christmas



WONDERFUL is the emotion that sweeps over the world and thrills the heart of mankind at Christmas time.

Candles, yule-log, holly—and all, remind us that this emotion is a venerable heritage; they point to the perennial source of that unearthly joy recurring through the ages.

Of all sacred days none more universally compels the spirit of reverence, none more completely quells the restless spirit of controversy.

It is as if what is so universally desired and honored could alone be true, could alone be the substance, and all else error and mere shadow.

Now is there surcease of argument; the Christ Child reigns in all hearts, attention is withheld from the scandal of His Infancy and raillery ceases over the incompetency of a God in human flesh.

Those who condemn Him at other times seem now to desist, their stubborn hearts hushed in doubt and yielding to the hope that in this Sign, in this token, there is the promise of endless happiness for them.

But the true adorer will experience at Christmas time more than festal merriment, emotion, the flush of joy, the warmth of affection.

He will have come hither by way of due preparation,—an Advent of meditation and serious inquiry.

He will know the urgent need of a Savior. He will be keenly conscious of his utter helplessness without Christ.

Such joy as his does not vanish with the setting of the Christmas star or the hush of the merry revelry; rather is it merged in that endless felicity wrought for us by Christ through His Incarnation.



The Puritan Christmas

THE *New York Times* Book Review gave prominence to a review of a volume, "Revolutionary New England." The reviewer dwells on the development of the Puritan theocracy, culminating in the revival of religion about the middle of the eighteenth century. Happily, there was no endurance in such a violent and perverted presentation of Christianity as recalled by this reviewer:

Jonathan Edwards in part swung New England back to the horrors of Calvinism and preached a gorilla God of such fiendish devilry as surpassed the bloodiest heathen Moloch. He had the blasphemous audacity to describe himself as sitting with that same Christ in final judgment on the members of his congregation, condemning those whose lives and thoughts did not agree with his to that hell which he pictured to their tortured imaginations as they writhed below his pulpit on Sabbath mornings.

The review is accompanied with an illustration that depicts a Puritan Governor brandishing a Bible and indignantly interrupting the Christmas sports. This, of course, is consonant with the Puritan view of the Incarnation.

If today the spirit of Christmas with its ancient and cheerful rites flourishes still among New Englanders they should be grateful for the suppression of the heartless creed that sought through its legislative influence to banish Christmas utterly, to proclaim it a day of penance, and that declared the venerable usages attending its celebration nothing less than devilry.

Leaving Hatred Behind

CHRISTMAS joy is distinctly featured by the characteristic of all joy: it cannot be pent up, it is impelled to communicate itself to others. If there is no joy so widespread as that of Christmas it is because of the supreme motive of the seasonable happiness now vividly apprehended by all. Hence the traditional association of Christmas with charity.

Events have made it peculiarly urgent at this time that men should reflect upon the meaning of Christmas and submit themselves to its benign influence. Religion, which should be the bond of charity, has been deliberately wrested to the fomenting of hatred and discord. It is all very strange, it is painfully incongruous in a country ranking as Christian.

As the Christmas spirit settles down upon this broad land let us devoutly hope that animosities and dark suspicions will dissolve before it, that there will be no relapsing into old hatreds from the ecstatic joy evoked by our reflections at the Crib of Bethlehem. May the abiding fruits of charity appear in the dispelling of discord and in the broad

understanding of one another's thoughts and purposes and motives.

A Church for the Holy Stairs

A PROJECT especially appropriate to the Holy Year is being inaugurated by the Passionist Fathers in Rome. Plans for a church in connection with the *Scala Santa* and the shrine of the *Sancta Sanctorum* have been drawn up by Commander Sneider, Architect of the Sacred Apostolic Palaces, and approved by the Papal Commission of Sacred Archeology.

The *Scala Santa*, or Holy Stairs, is one of the most celebrated shrines of the Catholic world. No relic of the Passion of our Lord attracts greater numbers of the faithful throughout the year. Throngs of pilgrims ascend on their knees the steps mounted by our Lord Himself in the days of His Passion. For centuries the Holy Stairs have been set in narrow quarters adjoining a hall which was constructed by Pope Sixtus V for other purposes. Successive Pontiffs have ordered the erection of a suitable temple here but serious difficulties constantly arose. The present Holy Father, Pius XI, has manifested a special interest in the project by a personal gift and by an autograph letter in which he blesses those who will contribute to the erection of this temple befitting the chief shrine of the Sacred Passion.

The Prince's Family

WHILE we were here following the Prince on his tour with lively interest, English Catholics had a project in hand closely connected with one of the Prince's royal house. They are about to erect a memorial hall to Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Catholic and canonical wife of George IV.

We learn from the report of a lecture by Father P. Malden, in the *Universe*, that Mrs. Fitzherbert had already been twice widowed, when at the age of twenty-five she met George IV, then Prince of Wales. For some time she resisted all advances of the Prince, who had fallen violently in love with her, and remained firm in her resolve to be nothing but a friend to him unless she became his wife.

In consequence of his attempt to trick her into a false ceremony in November, 1784, and further to make her yield by feigning to stab himself, Mrs. Fitzherbert went abroad. She returned to England in December, 1785, however, as the Prince's promised bride, and was married to him in her drawing-room.

The marriage was twice denied in the House of Commons, but when dying the king referred to Mrs. Fitzherbert as his true and real wife, and

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requested that her miniature should be buried with him. The marriage was recognized by the Church, and legal proof was made public by permission of King Edward VII.

Mrs. Fitzherbert died at the age of 81. Her funeral was like a royal procession. Her remains lie in the crypt of St. John's Church, Brighton.

The Voice of the Ruins

OUR Anglican brethren are steadily bringing to completion three cathedrals remarkable for their beauty and proportions. Two of these will grace our own cities, one at Morningside Heights, New York, and the other at Mount St. Albans, Washington, D. C. The third, nearly half finished, is in the city of Liverpool. When completed, the latter will be surpassed in size only by St. Peter's in Rome and the cathedral at Seville.

A revival of interest in these splendid structures coincided with centenary celebrations of several ancient cathedrals in the British Isles. Unlike our brethren abroad we may not in this adolescent land stand with our Protestant brethren beside abbey or cathedral ruins and frankly discuss the continuity of faith and the human motives of the rulers who were responsible not only for the demolition of these great monuments of the ancient faith, but for the loss of that faith to their people. That serious incongruities attend these centenary celebrations is apparent from these observations of the *London Catholic Universe*:

It seems odd, though it is not ungratifying, that the Scots are now so anxious to pay honor to the ancient shrines which their forefathers, like the English, desecrated. A week or two ago it was the seventh centenary of Elgin Cathedral that was celebrated. Next Wednesday it is the turn of Dornoch, the northernmost Cathedral, serving the remote counties of Caithness and Sutherland. The Scots did their demolitions more thoroughly than the English, and of the Cathedral of St. Barr nothing is left but the central tower and a few pieces of wall. The principal feature to-day is the mausoleum of the Sutherland family, with, says "The Times," "a fine marble statue of the first duke by Chantry." Hither the various Protestant religious denominations, with the local magnates and dignitaries, will repair next week for a united service, and later on the populace will rejoice with them in a revival of the ancient amenities of "St. Barr's Fayre."

So far, good. But, what is much more odd, many of the Scots seemed to have been pained and surprised that their Catholic fellow-citizens declined, in the case of Elgin, to join in their united religious commemoration. The Catholics of Elgin gathered instead in their own church, and offered the Holy Sacrifice for the souls of the pious founders of the Cathedral. The priest, Fr. Storach, explained why, in an excellent sermon, which attracted much attention locally. The Catholics had offered that if the local authorities would allow a Catholic service to be held in the Cathedral ruins, they would have joined in all the civic celebrations. This was declined, and the most appropriate comment we can think of is to be found in the "Northern Scot": "Was it worth it? Was it

tolerant? Would we hold our Protestant beliefs any less profoundly to-day because we had, for a few hours, stepped aside quietly last Wednesday while the Roman Catholics of to-day held communion with those long-dead Roman Catholics of seven hundred years ago, whose devotion and whose skill raised in the name of religion that great pile which even in its splendid decay is to all men a thing of beauty and joy forever?"

How many have turned back to the true faith through the contemplation of these ruins, mute evidences of the violence and rapacity that raged in the name of religion! Moreover, we should rejoice at the presence of religious vitality reproducing in a material age such temples as compare favorably with those of the ages of faith.

Our separated brethren will dedicate these temples to divine worship. Consistently, that worship must be based on the tenets and prescriptions of their Prayer-Book. However, their prelates are now pressed to the limits of diplomacy striving to reconcile the incompatible interpretations of that Prayer-book regarding the Mass and the Real Presence. Yet, they may have builded more wisely than they knew. In duplicating the material temples of Catholic lands may they not effectively realize that it was a lively faith in the Mass and in the abiding Presence of Christ in the Eucharist that inspired the designers and builders of those most beautiful buildings in the world?

Peter's Pence

IT is proposed to stimulate interest in Peter's Pence. Catholics contribute annually to this collection with various impulses of generosity and without questioning the reasonableness of this particular claim upon their charity. If they are inclined to reckon the total income through this channel from the entire Catholic world in exaggerated figures, it is sufficient for them to pause and consider the demands upon the Holy Father for its disbursement.

Such items as the propagation of the faith and the relief of distress, it is easy to surmise, would absorb all that is contributed through this source even though it were increased many fold.

We should not consider the immediate needs of the Holy See alone. But we can judge with what frugality its affairs are administered from the allowance to a Cardinal on duty and resident in Rome. A Cardinal *in curia* receives 1600 lire (\$80.00) monthly, a wage that many of our housemaids would cordially spurn.

* * * * *

The Pontifical Mission of Aid to Russia has been withdrawn from Moscow. It departed with the fervent benedictions of the sufferers whom it had relieved with bountiful supplies of clothing, food

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and medicine. Further ministrations had been rendered impossible by the actions of an atheistic Government that persisted in interpreting with suspicion the charitable motives of the Holy Father.

Gabriele D'Annunzio and the Crucified

THAT idol of Italy, Gabriele D'Annunzio, seems to share the virulent contempt of his contemporary, Papini, for the modern world and its corruption. But he does not, as explicitly as Papini, propose Christianity as the remedy. It remains still to be seen what will be the ultimate effects of the contemplative manner of life he has adopted after a very adventuresome and romantic career. He assures us that this new and strange phase of his career is not a whim:

Solitude preserves me from glorification. May it continue to guard me from glorification until my death. Every evening before the massive granite of Monte Grappa I burn the daily pile of unopened letters. To write to me is useless, to come to my door is useless. "Cave canes!"

We should trust that this solitude will provide him with such outlook and inspiration as finally to mellow his egotism and subdue his strong impulses. May solitude really be to him "the mother-country of the strong." In solitude many a rabid and gifted soul has found its true bearings and thereafter steered a steady course. We have such hope for a soul capable of being thus impressed:

I mounted the hill of San Miniato by the Way of the Cross; nor did I know that the Son of Man could find His agony without the Cross, without death, by those stages so slow, by those stations so cruel.

Loyal Celt and Nordic

THE press gave due prominence to the observations and warnings of Archbishop Curley of Baltimore to the effect that "the act restricting immigration was conceived in an anti-Catholic spirit which is intolerent and unwise. In the years to come we shall see the harmful effects of such legislation. America should keep her door open to all persons who wish to enter and become industrious and law-abiding citizens."

Simultaneously political cartographers were charting the foreign stock in the voting population of the country. They manifested deep concern as to the radical element in it. The states with a high percentage of "mixed parentage" are Minnesota, 73 percent., North Dakota, 73 percent., Rhode Island, 64 percent., Wisconsin, 69 percent., South Dakota, 58 percent., Massachusetts, 54 percent.

We call attention to the trend of immigration by which these majorities have been attained, and

to the character of that immigration. In the two New England states enumerated the Puritans were gradually outnumbered by Celts and Alpines who affiliated themselves with either of the historic political parties and were content with their civil and economic theories of government.

The element that penetrated to the Northwest was Nordic. Their goal was precisely the region covered by the adjacent states named above with their large foreign majorities. And it is in this section that radical theories of government have chiefly been fostered—theories so subversive of the Constitution and American traditions as frequently to arouse suspicion of sympathy with the Soviet and certain foreign groups plotting the downfall of our institutions.

Archbishop Curley's observations proceed from a clear vision of events; they are impartial; they are not exaggerated.

An Illuminating Roman Letter

VISITORS to the Holy City consider an audience with the Holy Father one of the most delightful and impressive of their experiences. Some difficulty attaches to the securing of such audiences. But inquiry into the real purpose of the formalities and restrictions surrounding them reveals how vast and important must be the details demanding the serious attention of the Holy Father daily. Furthermore, these formalities conform with strict propriety. Through them, particularly at the present time, the Pope manifests his mind in regard to worldly fashion when it strives to encroach upon decent manners and when it induces even good people to conform with its decrees on the score of general usage. All this was learned by a young lady tourist who wrote to a friend this summer from Rome:

We later found out that the Holy Father has been working far into the hours of the night and saying Mass before retiring. He has aged much and looked worn and tired when we saw him on Saturday afternoon. They are very strict about audiences—the girls had to buy black dresses and we looked like orphan Annies when we were ready to leave and had a good laugh over it. But when we got to the Vatican and up to the audience chamber I was sent out because a little of my throat showed. I had to pin the collar of my dress tight around my neck; Death's Head, I called myself. Twenty-five women were turned out the other day because they were not dressed properly.

This should cause serious reflection in the minds of those who mingle with the worshippers in our churches and even venture to receive Holy Communion in the same extravagant scarcity of apparel that is nowadays the vogue abroad or at social functions.

Art in the Christmas Crib

With Illustrations from Antique Collections

By VAUGHAN DEVLIN

NATURALLY to Catholics the Crib is a centre of devotion and an integral feature of the Christmas atmosphere. To be such it is not necessary that a crib be an artistic production. We are not image worshippers.

The term of our worship or devotion is in the significance of the sacred image whether that image be fashioned by the hand of genius or be of the commonplace type of modern mass production.

But, as in all the departments of art, genius, inspired by faith, has gone before, setting high standards for modern industry to follow in pro-

ducing these scenes representing the birth of Christ. True artists and antiquarians recognize this and it is due to their keen interest and research that many of these splendid specimens of handicraft have been duly appraised, and honorably preserved. What has been ranked as a supreme example, in its serenity, sweetness and simplicity breathing the very spirit that must have animated St. Francis of Assisi, may be found in the group by Rossellino in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

We have just past the seventh centenary of the origin of this special devotion to the Crib. It was in the year 1223, that St. Francis of Assisi with the coöperation of his artist friend, Giovanni



THE THREE WISE MEN WITH THEIR GIFTS

These old Christmas Crib figures were formerly in the possession of a Munich church. They are now part of a valuable collection of crib figures in the Bavarian National Museum. In size about nine inches, they are carved of wood, with movable limbs, and clad in rich vestments of pure silk. The small objects at the Wise Men's feet are wrought of silver and partly gold-plated. The figures are the work of a Munich wood-carver, and were made about 1800.

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SHEPHERDS FROM ANCIENT ITALIAN CHRISTMAS CRIBS

These two sets of Shepherds are in the Bavarian National Museum in Munich. The set on the left is the work of the noted Italian sculptor, Sammartino, a native of Naples (1720—1793), who made a specialty of artistic Christmas Crib figures. These figures, like many others by the same artist, are masterpieces of realistic art. This is particularly true of the faces. The hands are modelled of clay. The bodies are carved of wood. The figures are clothed with marvellous minuteness in the customary dress of the period. Unlike the Tyrolese and Bavarian sculptors, the Italians clad their figures in the costumes of their own time and locality. The figures are about twelve inches high. The figures on the right were formerly part of a Neapolitan crib, made about 1750. They are modelled of clay (clothes included) and glazed in brownish and greyish tints.



CENTRE GROUP OF AN OLD SICILIAN CRIB

This group belongs to the middle of the seventeenth century. Size of standing figures is approximately five inches. The figures are wood-carved. The clothes are "cache," that is, made stiff and unchangeable. The figures were brightly colored originally. They are now almost black from age.

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Velita, set up the scenic representation of what took place at Bethlehem on the first Holy Night. That was the model of our Christmas cribs. The Saint was inspired by the peculiar need of the people in that age. To a great extent it was, perforce, an age of illiteracy. Instruction lacked the aid of the printing-press. For the instruction of those who could not read, the Church in her Councils made provision through the external expression of art—especially painting and sculpture. Thus was the Church instrumental in establishing the educational value of art. It was with this sanction and with the personal approval of Pope Honorius III that St. Francis instituted this form of devotion so dear to all Catholics.

THE idea met with immediate and quite remarkable success. In the succeeding centuries it was taken up in all the Christian countries where the Franciscan Order had ramified. It became the favorite means of animating the people with Christmas fervor and



A CHRISTMAS CRIB ANGEL

This Angel dates from the year 1688. It is a type customary in the villages of the Isar Valley in the Bavarian Alps. Although very small (it is only five inches tall) its every detail is worked out with minute exactness. The body is wood-carved; the head is of wax; the dress is of silk and gauze trimmed with gold fringe. The wings are painted gold.



ANCIENT TYROLESE CRIB

This is a remarkably well preserved specimen of the wood-carver's craft as it obtained in the Northern Tyrol in the middle of eighteenth century. The standing figures are five inches high. The whole group is high relief work charmingly colored.

of directing their attention to the real significance of the solemn festival.

It is the delight of the antiquarian to trace the development of art as applied to the Crib according to the genius of various peoples and periods. One feature of that development was the gradual introduction of secular scenes and characters. Instances of such realism survive and may be observed even to-day if, in our round of visits at Christmas time, we enter a church where people from central Europe worship. A certain antiquarian interest also will be centred upon the figures of beggars, fishermen, peasants and artisans with their appropriate garments and equipment, all giving testimony to the man-

ners and customs of a particular period. The figures themselves are often small masterpieces of their kind in the exquisite details of members and features. Very often, too, they were enrobed in the finest of silk, and ornamented with silver and gold laces of rare beauty and refined delicacy.

IN Italy this devotional

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vogue gave an opportunity to the skilled workers in wax and terra cotta to apply their craft. In Bavaria and the Tyrol those exquisite carvers in wood thus found a new mode of expression for their genius and devotion.

Conformably to the mind of the Church in providing for the instruction of the people, the idea was further applied to other memorable scenes in the life of our Lord: the Flight into Egypt, the Wedding Feast at Cana, Jesus in the Temple with the Doctors, and such like. This new development was in great measure due to the crib having become a regular family institution. You will find your neighbor from the Tyrol and adjacent countries still clinging to this custom of erecting the Crib in his home at the joyous Christmas time.

In the course of time devotion to the Crib partially waned owing to the Nordic preference for the more or less meaningless Christmas tree. The result was that many a splendid specimen of the old plastic or sculptural art found its ways into bin or dark corner there to gather the dust of ages. Such as these are now the object of the eager search of artists and antiquarians. In the Bavarian Museum at Munich a whole section is assigned to a splendid collection of cribs gathered from all

parts of the country and ranked today as among the most valuable of its many precious treasures.

IN that country popular interest in the cribs survives. It is manifest on the one hand in the cheap ware displayed at the Christmas crib market at Munich. Here are sold grottoes of cork and roofs representing the cave of Bethlehem with figures of metal. But on the other hand there is the product of the very capable wood-carvers of Oberammergau. They have carefully preserved the excellent models of the Crib wrought by their ancestors and have in a gratifying measure inherited their devotion and aptitude for this particular form of Christian art.



GROUP OF BEGGARS

The early Italians were much given to introducing extraneous figures and scenes into their Christmas Cribs. As the Christmas spirit is one of good-will and kindness to the poor, beggars in many varieties were favorite side-figures in the old Italian cribs. Figures illustrated here are modelled entirely of clay, and clad in real rags, with the exception of the boy at the right whose clothes are "cache." The large figures are about eight inches high.

THERE is much complaining of the destruction of our American forests. A writer recently remarked that while we celebrate Arbor Day and urge

our children to plant trees, we annually rob our forests of millions of trees that serve no other purpose than the transient and meaningless decoration of our living rooms! Making the crib the prominent feature of our Christmas home decorations would materially aid in the preservation of our forests; would continue a beautiful Catholic tradition; would emphasize the real significance of Christmas Day—the coming of God among men.

The Soul of a Man

A Christmas Happening in Hill Hollow

By GRACE KEON



FATHER STEPHEN was desperately tired. He had been in the saddle all day—and now, reaching his little bungalow on the mountain road, he had scarcely strength enough to turn his exhausted nag into the stable, and he had to rest before he put out the animal's food, and broke the ice on the pail of water. This done, he stumbled into his own small living-room and between pauses, for his hands were numb, he started the fire, lighted the lamp, drew his chair close to the blaze, and sat down to thaw out his half-frozen body.

It was Christmas Eve.

Father Stephen has seen many happy Christmas Eves and a few sorrowful ones. This promised to be worse than sorrowful, and it was not so much the cold or the exhaustion that bowed his head upon his breast. Rather, his spirit was sore within him, for he had faced, that very day, what seemed a spiritual failure.

Well, there wasn't any use worrying about it. Jud Van Ness, brawny mountaineer, splendid specimen of manhood, brought low by a fall on treacherous Waxy Gap, had laughed when the priest warned him that he would face his God, in all probability, before another nightfall—laughed, with a hard and hopeless ring in his voice that did not escape Father Stephen's keen ears.

"God ain't a-botherin' with Jud Van Ness, Father Stephen," he said, "long ago He forgot him. 'Tisn't likely He'll remember him now."

That was Jud's last word—Jud's only word, for he had never spoken of religion, or of a Creator before. And it didn't seem likely, thought the priest, that he would ever see him alive again. Jud Van Ness, who had boasted of his strength, his endurance, his skill with weapons, who had been proud of his burly arms, the width of his shoulders, lay surely at the door of death. A physician might help him, but a physician was thirty miles away, and Father Stephen's poor old nag could not carry him a third of the distance.

Christmas Eve!

Father Stephen put a log into the sheet-iron stove, and moved over the coffee-pot. His hands were tingling, his feet... He stooped down and drew off the heavy boots, and pains shot through

his limbs to the knees. He rubbed and rubbed with steady fingers ere he drew on the old pair of shoes that were beneath the stove. His mind was back in the past. Soft carpets were under his feet; delicate viands were on a table that glittered with dainty glass and shining silver. His fair-haired mother... diamonds flashing on her white hands... his father, the famous and esteemed judge... music, flowers, laughter, happiness, and men and women glad to serve... yes, that Christmas Eve and this were "not quite the same," he added, half aloud.

"And it wasn't any sacrifice," he thought, still addressing the leaping flames; "I'd give it twice over to get Jud Van Ness. Twice over."

THERE was a knock on the door. Father Stephen turned his head incredulously. A knock... repeated... and then a man's voice:

"Is there any one inside?"

"Why, yes." Father Stephen rose and hobbled across the room. His feet pained and the action of walking intensified the twinges. "Come in, friend," he added, mildly, as he lifted the bar.

A tall man entered, unwinding a heavy muffler from about his neck and shoulders, and pulling off a pair of thick fur gloves.

"Keen weather," he said; "it's blowing a gale."

"Yes," said Father Stephen, adding, hospitably, "draw up to the fire. We've plenty of wood and the house is snug. The wind can't disturb us in here."

"You do look pretty comfortable," assented the stranger. "My name's—well, people call me Gerald. I've had a hard strain of work this last six months and started out on a walking trip three weeks ago. I was all right until that gale started—and there's snow coming surely when it stops. Perhaps you'll take me in? For the night at least?"

"Of, course," said Father Stephen. "I've just reached the house myself and have been thawing out my limbs. Also, seeing that it's Christmas Eve there are a few extra provisions in my larder. My good people have been making me little gifts for the last week."

"Your people? Oh, yes! I see! You're... a preacher?"

"I'm a Catholic priest," said Father Stephen.

A curious expression shot over the man's hand-

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some face. He was about thirty, blonde and blue-eyed, and as loose-jointed as one of the mountain natives themselves.

"But I'll let you look at my feet presently and show you they're not cloven, and you can see for yourself I haven't any thorns on my forehead," continued Father Stephen, as he went to the shelf and brought out some dishes. His airy words rather non-plussed his visitor.

"I hope you don't think I'm that type, sir," he said, "only it seemed odd to me—"

"Well, I thought I'd put your mind at rest at once," remarked Father Stephen; "best to have an understanding, don't you think so? And even if you do dislike me and all my tribe you can't get away from me just now."

A blank look of amazement shot over the man's face.

"Good gracious! Do you know me?"

"No, sir. I've never met you before—"

"But how do you know—"

"My dear man, yours is a most speaking countenance."

"I sincerely apologize, then," said the young chap, earnestly. "Perhaps I'll tell you a little later why I—well, maybe I did look queer when you said you were a Catholic priest. One of your Catholic priests has just given me a pretty stiff blow."

"I can tell you right now that it wasn't his fault," said Father Stephen. "That coffee smells good, doesn't it? I've some eggs and a nice thick slice of ham for you, if you care to eat it? We Catholics don't eat meat on Christmas Eve, so I'll save my share for dinner to-morrow!"

FATHER STEPHEN'S half bantering, wholly pleasant tone rather puzzled his visitor.

"One would think you *knew* me," he repeated.

"I know you as one American knows another," was the grave reply; "and if you are not a godsend to a lonely priest on Christmas Eve I'd like to know what would be. When this gale stops the snow will start, as you said, and we'll probably be tied up here together for a few days. But sit over—" for as he spoke he had been busy at the stove. "Here are your eggs and coffee and white bread—think of that!—and in a second that ham will be done."

They ate with the appetite of hungry men. The little room was filled with the odor of cooking, the logs blazed in the stove, and now to crown the feast, the visitor drew out some cigars and placed them on the table. Father Stephen lighted one... puffed... and once more he was back amid earlier scenes... this time it was his father... smoking in the living-room... and again he saw his slender

little mother with the light shining on her fair head...

"How long have you been in these mountains?" asked the visitor, casually.

"Twelve years last May," answered Father Stephen, slowly. "I was ordained for this mission, and this was my first post."

"Hard work!"

"Sometimes."

"Don't you think," the visitor looked at the end of his cigar, "that's it's often thankless work?"

"Never. Fruitless, perhaps. But not thankless."

"Um."

"And maybe—tonight—I'm feeling that I am more or less of a failure, Mr. Gerald. Shall I tell you why? I wonder if you'd understand?"

"I'll try," said the other, in a low tone.

"One of the men here—Jud Van Ness—fell yesterday. He's hurt, badly, and I'm not enough of a physician to help him. Jud Van Ness helped to build this cottage, helped to make it habitable. He's helped me cut my firewood for twelve winters. He's been my good friend whenever I needed a friend, my caretaker when I was ill. I found out, just this afternoon, about his accident. There is a doctor thirty miles away—I could never make it—I could not walk it—my horse could not carry me. So I tried to do what I could for Jud. For me there was only one thing left—to help him get to heaven. 'God ain't a-botherin' with Jud Van Ness,' he told me; 'long ago He forgot him. 'Tisn't likely He'll remember him now.'"

THERE was silence. The younger man's eyes were lowered. At last he sighed bitterly.

"Well... I'm not surprised. Your religion certainly takes high wages."

"My religion... certainly takes high wages!" Father Stephen repeated the remark thoughtfully. "There is only one thing of importance in the Catholic Faith—the soul of a man. Give us that, and you can have all the rest. What seems like privations, perhaps, to those who look on, are only the very small price one pays in material things for a greater spiritual gift."

"How do you think you could get your Jud Van Ness?" asked the younger man.

"I don't know. After twelve years I confess... I don't know. He's had a hard life; lost wife, mother, and baby daughter within one year. Before I came. And he's grown hard. Twelve years of hoping and praying for Jud have not brought me very far. If I could have twelve years more..."

"Do you mean you'd be willing to give twelve years of your life... for him? For just that... one man?" cried the other, incredulously.

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"To win his soul? Twice that."

Silence again. The shrieking wind outside tore at the fastenings of the stout door; beat against the glass, whirled and moaned about the chimney top. The fire crackled merrily; the room was warm, comfortable, well-lighted, and they were two men, both tired, who could spend some pleasant hours together...

"How far is your Jud Van Ness from here?" asked the visitor, a little wearily.

"A full hour's walk... in the teeth of that gale," said Father Stephen. "I left him about four o'clock, for I had to visit a sick woman in the valley. The poor old horse was so tired then that I had to ride home."

"Could you—could we make it together?" asked the other, quietly; "you see, Father Stephen—I'm Dr. Perry—Dr. Gerald Perry, the surgeon. Perhaps... I can help to save your Jud Van Ness for you."

FATHER STEPHEN never liked to recall that fearful journey to Jud Van Ness's house in Hill Hollow. He had been close to physical exhaustion only a few short hours before; but now the wind seemed to tear into his very vitals. There was no feeling in limbs or body. He just plodded on, leading the way, with grim mouth and eyes fixed steadily on one goal. And when they reached it at last and stood gasping for breath inside the door, it was the younger man's arm that held up the priest's trembling body, and the younger man's kindly hand that tore open his heavy coat, and helped him to the nearest chair. An old mountaineer, nodding near the stove, stared at them a few moments and then came forward with a tin mug of steaming coffee in his hand.

"It's Father Stephen!" he exclaimed. "Father Stephen! Why, you shouldn't have tried to make the Hollow from your place on a night like this. How'd you come?"

"Walked it," said Father Stephen. He had not yet recovered his breath. And then: "How's Jud?"

"Bout the same along," he answered; "moans once or twice—but Jud'll never give in. He ain't the givin' in kind. Seems kind o' hard, Father Stephen—not to be able to get Kimball for him—but the snow's comin'—"

"I've brought some one—this is Dr. Perry, Nat," said Father Stephen. "Let him warm himself up a bit before he goes in to look at Jud. And—and—light up all the candles and lamps you have—he'll need them."

"A—a doctor?" said Nat, and there was awe in his voice. "A doctor, Father Stephen?"

"Yes," said Father Stephen, quietly; "you don't

think we could let good old Jud die?" And there was such a happy note in his voice, such a vibrant thrill of gladness in the words that Dr. Perry's eyes filmed over quickly.

"How'd he get here, Father?" asked Nat.

"God sent him—no one else," answered Father Stephen. "I wanted him for Jud—so God sent him."

He told that to Jud himself, and Dr. Perry, gazing at the rugged, recumbent form of the old mountaineer, thought of some stricken giant of the woods, majestic even in his downfall. Quickly his deft fingers probed and searched, and though the grizzled face was white Jud Van Ness did not murmur.

"Ribs, arm broken, spine wrenched, torn ligaments—yes, I can fix him up. Just in time, too. But he's mighty weak. He'll be a few months in bed."

"He'll get better?" asked Father Stephen, incredulously.

"He certainly will—now. I can't find any internal injury. That fractured arm might have brought on blood poisoning—but I don't think we need worry about it. He's in prime condition... hardy... Besides, we'll probably be here a few days, and I'll take care of him."

"Think God has forgotten all about you, Jud—think He has?" asked Father Stephen, exultantly, as he sat beside the bandaged figure. "What do you say now, Jud?"

"I take it back, Father," said the man. "He didn't—He sent you here to look for me."

"And I've found you, haven't I, Jud?"

"Yes, Father. You've found me."

AT the words, at the meaning in them, Dr. Perry coming in, paused on the threshold and went back to the fire. Jud's eyes closed. For the first time since his accident he slept; and Father Stephen stole away from him.

"You are going to get some wonderful return for this," he said, putting his hand on Dr. Perry's shoulder. "God bless you, my dear young friend."

"That's return enough," said Dr. Perry, smiling. He looked at his watch. "It's midnight, Father Stephen—it's Christmas morning."

"Yes," said Father Stephen, gravely, "and I must get back to say my Mass. The first Mass is at five, in my own cottage. If the snow holds a few of my people will make it."

"What a life!" said Dr. Perry. "What a life for a man... like you."

"It is my choice. I would not exchange it for the life of any man," said Father Stephen. "Hard... maybe. With many miles to cover in the year

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—God's tramp, I call myself. Only . . . the bread I solicit is the spirit of the man, and the shelter I ask is a place for God in his heart. And there are worse than I. Other men have left for strange places, meet strange faces, never hear their mother-tongue, expatriate themselves for the souls of men, God's beggars, all."

His low voice thrilled the other, and he caught at the hand resting on his shoulder.

"I hated every one of you," he said. "I can't do that any more. But I am in great trouble."

He did not conclude. The priest's fingers tightened.

"I tell you that for this act of charity He Who has never let a cup of cold water go unrewarded will pay you well," he repeated. "Merry Christmas, my son!"

Nat learned forward, and touched with knotted forefinger the watch that Dr. Perry held.

"It's a beauty, all right," he said. "Maybe, though, I'm seein' things. Would you mind opening it again, Doctor?"

The lid flew up. The mountaineer chewed reflectively, his eyes fastened on the cover.

"Don't you see it, Father Stephen?" he asked, slowly.

"See what?"

"Jes' look at that face—ain't that the same face was in the watch-charm we found on the tramp in Jud's barn—"

Father Stephen bent down.

"It's mighty like it, Nat," he said. "Go get the charm. Jud has all his things—letters and all—in that little box on the mantle shelf. You see," he explained, "about five years ago a fellow came here and asked Jud to let him sleep in the outhouse. When they went out in the morning they found him dead—a clear case of suicide, poor chap."

Dr. Perry sat quite still. He felt his hands growing cold.

"Jud, Nat and I buried him. I tried to find out who he was, but nothing ever came of it. Look here." He opened the box Nat brought: "Why, Dr. Perry—those two pictures are of the same person! There's a letter here from a girl named Rosine to Arthur—and the watch-charm has the inscription 'From Rosine to Arthur, Christmas 1910.' But how, in goodness' name, did the same picture get into this charm and your watch?"

Perry's face was ghastly.

"Rosine! Arthur! Father Stephen," he cried, "is there anything else? A—a letter?"

"Yes. A letter written by Arthur Storm to Rosine Storm, saying that he had caused her enough sorrow and would take himself out of her life

forever. It's here, too. There was no address given—the local papers published it, but the whole thing died away—"

Dr. Perry's mouth worked; his hands quivered.

"Father Stephen—" He could not go on. Emotion choked him. Both men stared at him in bewilderment. "Why—it was that! This thing has been driving me crazy. Rosine is a Catholic, and we could not marry because Arthur Storm, her husband, had disappeared, and we could find no trace of him. I wanted her to divorce him for desertion—but that she would not do, nor could she, according to the laws of the Catholic Church, marry while there was any doubt of her first husband's death."

"That is true."

"I pleaded, begged, argued. In despair I went to the Bishop himself. He was kind, gentle—but—he could not help me—no one could. And when things got too hard I came away. But, of course, it can't be true. It's never true."

"There is every probability that it is true," said Father Stephen; "and I'm thinking that perhaps this is the great reward of your own charity. I'm thinking you've given me the soul of a man, Dr. Perry—with the aid of God's good grace. May He, in His mercy, help me now to give you happiness."

* * * * *

IT was, indeed, proven without a doubt. The locket, with the picture of lovely Rosine Storm; the letters and papers found in the pockets of the dead man, all indicated that the unfortunate being who had wasted youth, happiness and wealth in evil living had at last come to a despairing end in a lonely barn on the mountain side. The prayers of the faithful Catholic girl were heard—and God's angels in all probability directed Dr. Gerald Perry's feet to the gift of happiness for them both.

Back in his busy life, crowded with the many duties that fill out the days of a successful surgeon; with a beloved wife and, in the years that followed, beautiful children, Dr. Perry—now a practical Catholic—never failed to keep in touch with Father Stephen, the missionary, who had given up so much that was pleasant and beautiful in life to search for the souls of men.

Christmas

By CATHERINE M. BRESNAN

The heart of man is glad today
And all its casements are flung wide
That they who pass along the way
May know the Christ Child is inside.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communication of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGES

EDITORIAL NOTE. We wish to remind our readers that we cannot always answer their questions immediately. Our space is limited and generally we answer letters in the order that we receive them. In this issue however we find it advisable to confine ourselves to questions on marriage. The following letters are bona fide communications but for obvious reasons we omit even the initials and address of the writers. The Catholic position on marriage is clear and uncompromising; and for the benefit of our readers we shall preface the questions of this month by a brief statement of the Church's attitude towards marriage and its dissolution.

First.—Whenever two Catholics, who have no nullifying impediment, are married by a priest—their marriage is indissoluble except by death.

Second.—Whenever two non-Catholics either of whom is baptised are married—providing there is no nullifying impediment—their marriage also is indissoluble except by death.

Third.—Whenever a Catholic and a non-Catholic with no nullifying impediment are married by a priest who has obtained the requisite dispensation, their marriage is indissoluble except by death.

Fourth.—Whenever two unbaptised non-Catholics with no nullifying impediment are married, their marriage can be dissolved only in virtue of the Pauline privilege.

Fifth.—A civil court has no power to dissolve a valid marriage. If the marriage has been valid from the beginning it remains so even after the civil decree; and the separated couple cannot re-marry.

The Church at times grants a decree of nullity, that is, she declares that a marriage has never been valid, that it has been null from the beginning because when it was contracted there was some secret impediment, some reason why the couple could not validly contract. In such cases the man and woman are free to separate and to marry someone else. These decrees of nullity however are very rare.

We have no time to answer the emotional objections commonly urged against the Church's stand on this matter. We merely remark that ordinarily no individual is obliged to marry: if anyone does marry he or she does so willingly, deliberately (otherwise the marriage is invalid) and with the foreknowledge gained from the experience of six thousand years as to the possible consequences. It is certainly no injustice to make such people keep their plighted vow, and if they cannot possibly live together, to prevent them from re-marrying. The fact that many people do not observe the Church's laws on this matter is no reason why these laws should be altered; if that argument had any force, the commandments would have been altered centuries ago.

DESERTION

Can anything be done in the following case? I married when very young. After six months my

husband decided that he loved another girl. He is still living with her and has established a home, and has a family. We are both Catholics. I have not seen him for the past five years.

The statement of your case is too indefinite. If you were married by a priest, nothing can be done. Consult your pastor, and give him all the details.

MARRIAGE WITH AN UNBELIEVER

(A). Can a priest marry a Catholic and an unbeliever who has never been baptized. (B). Would the Catholic be free to marry if they were later divorced?

A). Yes, with the proper dispensation.

B). No.

SEPARATION

A married couple are not living together. Can they obtain a separation, if either wishes? If so, can the woman re-marry and retain the children whose possession she has at present?

Either can get an ecclesiastical separation if there is sufficient reason. But if validly married neither can re-marry. Consult your pastor.

MARRIAGE WITH DIVORCED PERSONS

Is it possible for a Catholic girl to marry a divorced man? Will a priest perform the ceremony? If a girl marries a divorced man will she be permitted to receive the holy Sacraments or will she be excluded from the Catholic Church entirely? This is a case where the divorced man is not at all to blame for divorcing his wife.

Such a case must be taken to the Bishop. It is possible, though very improbable, that the divorced man's first marriage was invalid. If it was invalid and has been so declared by the ecclesiastical court, a priest would treat the man as though he had not been married. And if after such process, a girl should marry the divorced man she would not be excluded from the sacraments. But if, as is most likely, the marriage was valid, the divorced man cannot re-marry, and no priest would perform the ceremony. If a girl should marry the man in this case, she would be excluded from the sacraments. Whether the divorce was his fault or not has no bearing on the question.

A DEPLORABLE CASE

A friend of mine married six years ago. He was engaged to a girl who on her death-bed asked him to marry her sister. He promised that he would, and, a year after the girl's death, did so. This couple had two children: one died; the other still lives. The wife never did her duty, kept running out with other men, and the other day was arrested as the keeper of a disorderly house. They have not been living together for six months. She left the city with another man

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and was living with him, taking the child with her. The husband finally got the child away from her and their case is now in the divorce courts. They are both Catholics, although she is one in name only. He, however, practices his religion very fervently.

Some time ago this man met a very nice girl whom he would like to marry. They both love each other dearly, and she would be a good mother to his child.

Is there any dispensation he could get to marry this girl. I don't think the Church could expect a man to live with such a woman as his wife is, especially to have her raise his children.

You are correct to this extent: The Church does not expect the man to live with such a woman, indeed she gives him full authority to leave her and remain separated from her even without any ecclesiastical process. Moreover the Church does not expect the man to allow such a woman to raise his children. The ecclesiastical court would unhesitatingly give him the custody of the child. (Canon 1132) But there is no sort of dispensation for such cases. True, the man has no obligations towards his wife, he is free to live separated from her: but she is, in the eyes of the Church, still his wife. Let him consult his pastor; but it seems quite certain that his marriage was valid, hence indissoluble.

ANOTHER DIVORCE CASE

Can a non-Catholic who has been married by a priest to a Catholic girl and who later was divorced by her, become a Catholic and remarry in the Church, having found that he had never been baptized?

He can become a Catholic. But it is extremely improbable that he could re-marry. However let him consult any priest, and give him all the details.

TWICE MARRIED; ONCE DIVORCED

A Catholic man was twice married. His first wife divorced him. His second wife is dead. Can he now marry a Catholic girl?

As we stated before, such a case must be taken to the Bishop who will investigate the first marriage and declare whether or not it was valid. If it was valid, the man is still married to his first wife and cannot marry again. Let him consult his pastor.

TWO NON-CATHOLICS

A baptized non-Catholic man married an unbaptized woman. Later they were divorced. If the man becomes a Catholic can he marry a Catholic girl?

If the marriage was contracted before May 19, 1918 it was not, in the eyes of the Church, valid. If it was contracted after that date it was valid and is still binding. In the latter case the man is not free to marry anyone. Let him consult a priest and give him the particulars of his case.

VALUE OF DIVORCE DECREE

A Catholic was married to a non-Catholic about twenty years ago by a minister. About nine years ago she had to leave him on account of the double life he was leading. Later he got a divorce on the grounds of desertion. She got a dispensation and returned to the Church. What she would like to know is this: Is she free to marry some one else? Did the divorce of her husband free her?

Our readers must remember this: a civil divorce has no power to dissolve the bond of matrimony. A person, in the eyes of the Church, is free or bound, independent of the granting or refusing of a divorce. In the case cited, unless there was some other impediment, the lady is still married to the non-Catholic; and, there-

fore, is not free to re-marry. The fact that she was married by a minister in 1904 did not invalidate the marriage: it would to-day. However, for a definite answer to her question she should consult her pastor and tell him the full particulars of the case.

THE PLACE OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

A friend of mine is going with a young man, who through some misunderstanding with the priest at confession has turned against the Church. He says he will not go again. Where will this girl be permitted to marry him, in the church or in the priest's house?

If the man is willing they may be married in the church.

THE PAULINE PRIVILEGE

What is the Pauline Privilege?

The Pauline privilege—so called because it was promulgated by St. Paul the Apostle (I Cor. 7, 12 sqq)—is the right by which a married person converted from infidelity and after having been baptized can, in certain circumstances and under certain conditions, contract marriage with a Catholic, and by this latter marriage the marriage contracted in infidelity is dissolved. We treated this subject at some length in the issue of *The Sign* for March of this year, and we have not the space to give you more detailed information. If you wish further knowledge, you might consult a priest of your acquaintance or procure the March number of *The Sign*.

QUERY OF A NON-CATHOLIC

I was brought up in the Presbyterian religion and believe I was baptized when an infant. I was married to a Catholic girl in 1907 by a priest. Years afterwards, trouble arose (not over religion) and I allowed her to get an uncontested divorce. Is it possible now for me to marry a Catholic lady with the consent of her Church? What is the Pauline privilege referred to in your issue of July, first question?

As you were married by a priest, there is hardly any probability that your marriage could be annulled, and, as a consequence, that you would be permitted to marry another Catholic woman. Your case would have to go to the ecclesiastical court; and before a definite judgment could be pronounced, the question of your baptism would have to be settled, the nature of the dispensation which the priest procured to marry you and a number of other details would have to be known. You might consult a priest, but the probability of your being permitted to marry again is very remote. The Pauline privilege could not be invoked in your case: it holds only when two non-baptized persons marry and one of these later becomes a Catholic.

MARRIAGE WITH AN ORIENTAL

I am engaged to a Syrian girl who attends a Syrian Catholic church. Where will our marriage be celebrated, in the Syrian church or in my own parish church?

Marriages are usually celebrated in the parish church of the bride. But in a case such as yours—i. e. a marriage between persons of different rites—the marriage is ordinarily celebrated in the parish church of the groom. We do not know the regulations of your diocese on this point; but unless there is a rule against it, your marriage will take place in your own parish church.

Father Lawrence Mary, Passionist

A Roman Apostle of the Infant Jesus

By ANDREW KENNY, C. P.

TO call a Passionist an apostle of the Infant Jesus may suggest the incongruous. Yet such was the peculiar fame of Father Lawrence. Nevertheless, in his ministry he was ever mindful of the vow he had made to promote devotion to the Passion. Proof of this were the wonderful missions he conducted evangelizing the people of Tuscany, the Abruzzi and the Marches. Still it cannot be denied that the Infant Jesus was the chief centre and source of his zeal and sanctity. Our readers will be interested in a sketch of the life of one who attained to such sanctity that on February 20, 1922, the Sacred Congregation signed the commission introducing the cause of his beatification. This document was ratified by Pope Pius XI.

Father Lawrence was born in Rome, October 30, 1782, of Antonio Salvi and Marianna Biondi. Such piety distinguished his childhood as to merit for him the title of "The Little Saint." Young manhood found him following his studies and learning the advanced rules of holiness in the Roman College of the Jesuit Fathers. His early devotion to the Passion of our Lord is manifest from his practice of inducing his

companions to set down a long list of the Repositories to be visited on Holy Thursday. This devotion was more definitely manifested when, having decided to fly from the dangers of the world, he chose to enter the Passionist Order. A whole year was occupied in overcoming the stern opposition of his father. Eventually he entered the novitiate on Monte Argentario and made his religious profession November 20, 1802. He was ordained to the priesthood in December, 1805.

But the happiness he derived from the prospect of immolating himself for the glory of God and the salvation of souls was short-lived. Forthwith the furious storm raised by Napoleon I encompassed the Church, its fury directed especially against the venerable Pontiff, Pius VII and all

the Religious Orders. Father Lawrence also was forced to take the road to exile.

In 1812 he succeeded in joining a group of Passionists at Pievetorina in the Marshes resuming the exercise of his apostolic ministry. He promptly seized the occasion to visit the Holy House of Loreto. Here God favored him with extraordinary lights concerning the mystery of the Incarnation accomplished in this blessed abode. He was thereby so deeply impressed that he bound himself by vow



FATHER LAWRENCE MARY, PASSIONIST

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to spread devotion to the Divine Infant.

Napoleon was now a prisoner on the island of St. Helena, Pius VII had reentered Rome and the Religious Communities were once more established in their peaceful abodes.

FATHER LAWRENCE returned to the Retreat of SS. John and Paul in Rome. Here he could most advantageously satisfy his ardent zeal for the salvation of his neighbor, going forth regularly to conduct missions. Soon his ministry was enhanced by the wonders wrought by him through the medium of an image of the Infant Jesus, the *Santo Bambino*. Happily, this image is still preserved.

It was the holy man's practice never to leave the house without this blessed image. On a certain occasion he overlooked it. He promptly determined to return for the image but was opposed by his companion. Thereupon he knelt in fervent prayer and shortly found the image in his hands. Henceforth it was popularly known as the "Flying Image."

We may infer that Father Lawrence received extraordinary favors from the Holy Child. He aimed to conceal these privileges. But despite his efforts they became known. Thus was he surprised one Christmas night surrounded by a heavenly halo and raised from the ground in ecstasy before the Crib. At Capranica the Infant Jesus dictated hymns in His own praise which Father Lawrence transcribed. On other occasions the holy priest was observed all absorbed in his loved object and oblivious of all about him.

Numerous and ingenious practices did he devise in honor of Him Whom he styled "The Little Emperor." Such were "The Spiritual Pilgrimage to Bethlehem," "The Steps of the Holy Infancy" and "The Guards of the Infant." At Rome he founded an association for daily visits to the holy Crib which is preserved at St. Mary Major's. Among his published writings is "The Soul Enamored of the Infant Jesus," in four volumes.

This brief sketch does not permit us to enumerate the wonders with which the Divine Child rewarded the faith and zeal of His servant. In 1855, the cholera raged throughout Italy. At Viterbo recourse was had to the servant of God who conducted in the Cathedral a solemn triduum in honor of the Infant Jesus. Scarcely was it concluded when the scourge ceased in that city.

Being summoned to Capranica to assist some sick, he departed foretelling that he would not return. And so it happened; for, having arrived there he was taken suddenly ill and expired on June 12, 1856. The fame of his sanctity brought

thongs to his exequies. They overcame the guards in their eagerness to secure fragments of his habit as relics. His body taken to the Retreat of San Angelo and after ten months it was found intact in the occasion of removing it to a special tomb.

GOD continued to glorify His servant after his death, favoring some miraculously who used the relics and pictures of the holy man while invoking him. Characteristic of these is the case of Sister Victoria, one of the miracles on which the canonical process was instituted. It was in 1887, when she was a member of the community of S. Augustino di Capranola, her long-standing ailments having resisted all remedies, her physician pointing to the image of the Infant Jesus, said, "Pray, pray, for if He does not help you, we can do nothing." The patient then made a triduum to Father Lawrence, but with no result. She made another, but her condition grew worse. The physician lost hope. Sister Victoria then renewed her petitions clasping a picture of Father Lawrence with a little relic of the servant of God. A paroxysm of pain immediately seized her and then she fell asleep. In her dream she seemed to see Father Lawrence blessing her and assuring her that she was cured. In the end he commanded, "Arise, you are cured!" And so it happened: after five years of acute suffering she was instantaneously cured. The doctor arriving, exclaimed, "It is a miracle!"

And thus we may confidently hope and pray that soon we shall venerate upon our altars one who so admirably united devotion to the Holy Infancy and the saving Passion of our Redeemer.

Sanctuary

By LOIS DONOVAN

God look down from Thy place in Heaven,
Hear Thy child who cries to Thee,
Frightened and tearful; God have mercy!
Send the Little Lord Christ to me!

* * * * *

Little Lord Jesus, guide me, love me!
Pity me—mercifully lead me where,
Safe in the arms of Mary, folded,
I may look out on the World from there!

In the Wake of the Reformers

One Rupert Hughes Parades

By RICHARD HAMMONS



T pays to advertise. The newspapers have a way of playing up things they want to go over. Very often we are disappointed, but only after we have parted with our hard-earned cash. Meanwhile, they have accomplished their purpose, and are busy playing up something else. We have only our after-thoughts.

These are some of my after-thoughts on an article by Rupert Hughes that was sold to me by the newspapers. His name was familiar, and the title aroused my curiosity, namely: "Why I Quit Going to Church." Looking back I cannot sincerely say that I expected anything original on that subject from that author. But I had hopes. Now I have disappointment, pity and resentment.

There was but one paragraph in the article that justified the use of the title; only one near approach to a dignified, serious answer to the question in the readers mind: Why did he quit going to church? It was this:

"I quit because I came to believe that what is preached in the churches is mainly untrue, or unimportant, or tiresome, or hostile to genuine progress and in general not worth while."

The rest was a medley of the flippant or lugubrious airs composed by the enemies of Christianity, from Celsus in the second century to Haeckel in the nineteenth. And played, not in the difficult, (and in some cases) scholarly and artistic original scores, but in the simplified arrangements edited for beginners; and by one who has never learned to read the notes, but plays entirely by ear. The result is more easily imagined than described.

It must have all sounded wonderful to those whose ignorance of history and of Christianity is more profound than the author's. But to those who have had the opportunity of a closer acquaintance with the master enemies of Christianity and their master opponents, Mr. Hughes' unskilled performance was pitiful. And I had the feeling toward his managers of one who has paid to hear a great artist and finds himself listening to an amateur.

This was the state of my feelings immediately after forcing my way through Mr. Hughes' mental undergrowths.

My after-thoughts had to do, first, with Rupert

Hughes himself; and secondly, with Rupert Hughes as a product of the Reformation.

Rupert Hughes is a novelist of the ephemeral type called popular. There is admittedly nothing in his works that indicates genius or gives promise of immortality. The next generation will hardly know his name. But even if he, and others like him, had the literary genius of Shakespeare, we could not, in all fairness, rank them high among the great historians, or among the great philosophers, much less among the great authorities on religion.

WERE he to tell us that upon coming out of college he had given up consulting physicians and taken to chiropractors or faith-healers, we would be only mildly interested. Is it then, important for us to know why he quit going to church—particularly when he tells us himself that he reached this decision immediately after leaving college? Most mature men smile—a little wistfully, it may be—when they remember the youthful ambitions and enthusiasm and know-it-all of their graduation day.

Rupert Hughes is still young enough (in this matter of religion or irreligion) to take his youthful ambitions seriously and to sustain his youthful enthusiasm. There is a note of anxious impatience creeping into his writings of late, however, that may herald his coming into maturity. Who can tell but what mature reflection and an unbiased and deeper study of history and of Christianity may cause him to question whether the college boy on the threshold of a literary career may not have been a bit hasty in his judgment on a subject of which he knew—and knows—so little.

Or consider it from this angle. How many sermons did Rupert Hughes, the college boy, hear? And, of these, how many did he understand? How often has he been in church since? Are not his notions of what is preached in the churches gathered from the sensational utterances that find their way into the newspapers? And if so, is he not evidently insincere and even impudent in claiming the wide acquaintance with what is preached in the churches, implied in the statement quoted above?

Did he ever give a thought to the claims of the great Mother Church before he decided, in his immaturity, to quit going to church? Is it through ignorance or malice that he fails, now, to take her

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preaching into account? Which reminds me of what he said of Mr. Bryan and evolution:

"Mr. Bryan is so stubbornly unfair in his statements about evolution that he must be guilty of either of two sins: he is either ignorant of what he denounces or he is wilfully mendacious. I should like to know just what books he has read on the glorious and impregnable theory of evolution."

Pass up his application of the word "impregnable" to theory—any theory whatsoever. Even Homer sometimes nods. But let me parallel the rest: Mr. Hughes is so stubbornly unfair in his statements about Christianity that he must be either ignorant or wilfully mendacious. I should like to know what books *he* has read on the glorious and impregnable FACT of Christianity.

IT is perhaps unfortunate, that Mr. Bryan has constituted himself the champion of Christianity. It is so easy to ridicule Mr. Bryan: he is down and out. He may or may not have read "God or Gorilla" by Alfred McCann. (It might open Mr. Hughes' eyes, by the way, on the *glorious and impregnable* theory of evolution, were *he* to read it.) The point is that Mr. Bryan is no more an authority on Christianity than is Mr. Hughes himself; and those who ridicule Mr. Bryan for his religious convictions succeed only in ridiculing Mr. Bryan. If ignorant people think that Christianity is thereby discredited, more's the pity.

It seems to me that there must be by now a fairly large element within and without the Catholic Church that is weary of the—shall I call it "bunk"?—that is going about under the cloak of religion or posing as deep thought. This element will sympathize with my desperate determination to speak plain words.

It is high time we are realizing that there are no Christians but Catholics; that not Christianity, but Protestantism is on trial in the controversy between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists (merely illustrated in the difference of Mr. Hughes from Mr. Bryan); and that Protestantism is not Christianity, by any means.

Mr. Hughes is not a Christian; in fact, he boasts that he is not a Christian. There are modernist ministers who no more believe in Christ or in God than he; yet they are Protestants, and in good standing in their respective denominations. More, they are at least as good Protestants as the Fundamentalists.

They are logically carrying out the teachings of the Reformers. They deny, with the Reformers, that the authority of Christ is manifested through His Church; they take their religion, such as it is, (and some of them honestly believe it *is* religion)

from the Bible, as the Reformers taught them to do. Only it is from the Bible as a collection of Jewish and early Christian literature, handed down as the great classics of Greece and Rome were handed down. And they feel free to pick and choose, to accept and reject, in whole or in part, what they find in this collection. And they reject the authority of the Bible as the Word of God on the very same principle of private judgment that led the Reformers to reject the authority of the Church.

They are, indeed, descendants in a direct line from the Reformers of the sixteenth century; but they are not Christians. Or, if they are, words mean nothing; and a radical is a conservative, and a Bolshevik is an imperialist.

Some of them, like Mr. Hughes, have no delusions on this point. He and they do delude themselves into thinking that they are progressives, when, in reality, they are reactionaries. The Reformers were reactionaries, the Modernists are reactionaries; Mr. Hughes, though he shouts "Progress" from the housetops, is a pronounced reactionary.

Nor would I ask you to take my mere assertion for this, as we are so often asked to take their mere assertion for the contrary. A little calm thinking will make it clear.

CHRISTIANITY had been in the world for sixteen centuries when the Reformers appeared on the scene. It had overthrown the nature worship of Greece and Rome; it had tamed the barbaric tribes of the north. In carrying out the mission given by Christ to the Apostles, to teach all nations whatsoever He had commanded, the Church, which is Christianity, had built up a solid civilization: had set the family upon a firm foundation; reprobated divorce; lifted woman to her rightful place; formed and moulded public opinion in such wise that nations, hitherto pagan, came to recognize murder and lust and rapine and slavery as crimes against humanity and sins against God.

Here was progress indeed. Every one of these changes was a step forward for the human race. And the great Church that brought them about stands fearlessly on her record and challenges our respect and admiration. Is it fair to remember only the individuals or nations that refused to hear her; to consider only her unworthy ministers; to see only her failures? Could her members and her ministers be human and not be sometimes mistaken? Could she have accomplished so much were she other than divine?

This was the state of the Church in the sixteenth century; with a record of glorious accomplishment that could not be blotted out even by the patent

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abuses that lessened her efficiency and somewhat impeded her beneficent purposes.

Whatever these abuses, the leaders of the Reformation were not the men to correct them. Their own hands were not clean. Their methods were the methods of unbalanced radicals rather than conscientious reformers.

The task of the true reformer is to remedy abuses without destroying what has been tried and found worthy. These men concerned themselves not at all about preserving what was worth while. They were possessed by a mad demon of destruction, alleging the abuses in the Church merely as a pretext for their insane fury. They scratched and tore at the Mother Church, as determined that nothing should be left of her as was the panic-stricken Diocletian or the apostate Julian.

She survived the Protestant attack, as she survived the Papan attacks. Her divinity saved her. But the poor, ignorant, deluded peasants who blindly followed their crazed leaders were left floundering in the waters, vainly clinging to a Bible that will not float, but must be carried in the Bark of Peter. The divine protection has been promised only to them that remain aboard, and hear the voice of the Great Captain, as they would that of the Master Himself, with reverence and submission.

If this was reform, if this was progress, then it

will be progress to break up the airplanes and automobiles and railroads and leave every child coming into the world free to choose its own means of transportation: to tear down the telephone exchanges and great broad-casting stations, and bid the newborn infant invent its own methods of communication: to wreck the hospitals and clinics, destroy the results of medical research, and let every man be his own physician: to do away with the government and the police, put a copy of the Constitution into the hands of every citizen, and tell him to go to it! This is the kind of progress the Protestant Reformation made in religion.

Some of its followers, in every generation, recognizing the destructive downward tendency of Protestantism, have clung wildly, wherever they could gain a hold, to the Bark of Peter. Today we call them Fundamentalists. Their only hope is to humbly call for a life-line, and seek admission into the Church of Christ.

Others, feeling the swift current carrying them to the depths of the ancient paganism, mistake mere motion for progress, and rush, laughing and sneering, to their destruction. We pray God to reach down into the depths and save them before it is too late. But we feel it our duty to protest when, like Mr. Hughes and the Modernists, they tell the unsuspecting that the water is fine.

A Jolly Christmas

By FRANK HERBERT SWEET

The earth is deep in drifted snow,
The sky is gray and dreary,
But in the house the firelights glow,
All ruddy red and cheery;
The wind is very loud and chill,
And yet its voice is jolly;
It cries, "Come out across the hill
And get the Christmas holly."

Keen sleighbells tingle on the air,
A merry jingle-jangle;
They sing of trees all trimmed and fair,
Of stockings hung a-dangle.
The pantry's full of cakes and pies,
The fire is Oh, so jolly—
"Go out across the hill," it sings,
"And fetch the Christmas holly."

All frosty red the holly hangs;
We gather it with laughter;
The sun has set before we're home,
It's twilight time, and after.
And one great shining star looks down
And tells the old, old story,
It says: "Remember Bethlehem town,
And spread the Christmas glory."

The Conversion of the Jews

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for December, 1924)

NO doubt you have heard the story of the Irishman who struck the Jew because, "wasn't it the Jews that killed our Lord?" I wonder if there really is a Catholic who has such feelings toward the Jews? We know that what really killed our Blessed Lord was not the Jews, but *sin*. The Jews were but instruments in the great tragedy of Deicide wrought by the sins of men, even though culpable instruments!

Besides, granted that the Jewish race through its leaders, rejected their Messiah and became the instrumental cause of His crucifixion, is it not at the same time true that our Savior and His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph were Jews, as were all the Apostles and practically all the converts during the first years of the Church?

Take away the history of the Jewish race; and how difficult it would be to explain our own Catholic Faith. Take away the story of the Jewish religion; and Christ and Christianity become inexplicable.

Thus we ought to feel a religious affinity with rather than an aversion toward the Jews. Their religion and our religion are the only two living and clearly defined forms of worship in the world today that go back to the time of Christ. Each claims to be the one true descendant of ancient Judaism.

These few considerations alone ought to be sufficient to make us particularly interested in the Jewish race, and especially attracted by the thought of their conversion. It is a crying shame that Protestants in our own country can convert Jews to themselves while we stand by in apathetic indifference. What agreement has Protestantism with Judaism? What prophecies of the Old Testament has Protestantism fulfilled? What connection can it show with the worship and ceremonies and history of the old Jewish synagogue? We alone can point to a perfect continuity with the old Jewish faith, in history, prophecy, worship

and ceremony, and in the fulfilment and perfection of all.

Jewish religious leaders are deploring the fact that many of their younger people are losing the faith of their fathers and finding in return nothing but the creed of those Americans whose gods are money and pleasure. Do we Catholics give even a thought to these children of Abraham?

But, indeed, we members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion have a special reason to be interested in the conversion of the Jews. Why? Because the stumbling-block of the Jew is still, as St. Paul said, Christ Crucified. From the beginning of the world to the Cross of Christ, Jews and Catholics can trace the history of their faith and agree in that faith; but on Calvary they separate. So it is that the Jew, if he is to be converted, must be led back to Christ Crucified.

WHAT, then, can we do? First of all, as we should do with the Protestant, practise toward the Jew the great lesson of Christ Crucified, —love for souls, loving them as children of our Father, who have lost their way. I have in mind the story of a young Jew who came to a Catholic hospital, sick and penniless and afraid that his religion would bar him from help. When he left that hospital some months later, he had not only the blessing of health, but the gift of faith. The charity of the nuns had made him reason that God must be behind their religion. Secondly, we can pray that this work of interest in the Jew may be taken up in earnest here, as it has been taken up in England, where converted Jews are proving, as in the past, that they do not intend to be half-hearted Catholics. Finally, if any soul is drawn to you, and you find that you cannot make him understand how in the Catholic Church he can find all the glories of Israel of old, direct him to a priest.

The members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion are asked to pray during this month of December for the Conversion of the Jews.

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership in it is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. **FIRST DEGREE** Members say daily Five Our Fathers and Five Hail Marys in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and also make, morning and evening, an Offering of the Precious Blood. **SECOND DEGREE** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **THIRD DEGREE** Members make fifteen Minutes Meditation daily on the Sacred Passion, besides performing the works of the First and Second Degrees. The **SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **CRUSADE OF PRAYERS** and **GOOD WORKS** for the conversion of China, and for the welfare of the Passionist Missionaries in China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Jesus Crucified. Please send your name for enrollment to **THE SIGN**, West Hoboken, N. J.

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

CHRISTMAS

We don't know who G. W. is; but we like his (or her) very beautiful Christmas poem. We are sure that it will have a special appeal for some of our Readers:

O Sweet and Blessed Country

For us the Star; but in the Land afar
Where our beloved are, they need no star.

For us the night; but in their Country bright,
Our happy Saints in Light have no more night.

For us the Quest; but our beloved rest
Among the Blest, who have attained their Quest.

For us, for them, the Babe of Bethlehem;
Newborn at Bethlehem for us, for them.—G. W.

THE COMMONWEAL

On November 19, appeared the first issue of a new Catholic periodical—*The Commonwealth*, a Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs. It is conducted by a body of Catholic laymen. Its Editor, Mr. Michael Williams, author of that splendid book, "The High Romance," makes this statement:

There is being promulgated a widely accepted theory of what civilization is, or what it should be, which, if it be acted upon, means the end of Christendom, so far as the expression or influence of Christian principles and ideas in the institutions of civilized life are concerned. It is unquestionably a spiritual, moral, and patriotic duty for thinking people at least to make an effort to apply the conserving and regenerative forces of the fountain head of Christian tradition, experience, and culture to the problems that to-day all men of good will are seeking to solve. As opposed to the present confused, confusing, and conflicting complex of private opinions, and personal impressionism, mirrored in so many influential journals, the editors of *THE COMMONWEAL* believe that nothing can do so much for the betterment, the happiness, and the peace of the American people as the influence of the enduring and tested principles of Catholic Christianity. To that high task *THE COMMONWEAL* is dedicated.

STUNG!

Were we personally acquainted with him, we might ask Mr. Philip Rudolph to furnish us with some of his clever bees to sting (their consciences, of course) our subscribers who are in arrears in their payments to *The Sign*:

MENOMINEE FALLS, Wis., Charging that her neighbor, Philip Rudolph, owner of an apiary, "harbors and keeps vicious bees, well knowing them to be of such disposition," Mrs. Augusta Muehl has started

suit against Mr. Rudolph for \$2,000 damages, saying she had been caused untold agony when one of Mr. Rudolph's bees maliciously stung her on the arm, although she gave it no just cause.

The complaint further states that said bee "did leave home duly incensed because it was recklessly and wantonly abused, harassed, annoyed and pestered by Mr. Rudolph."

EPIGRAMS

Here are two rather good epigrams from the *Atchison Globe*:

Every community has a man who is very methodical and yet a failure.

Every community has a man who uses perfect grammar but doesn't say anything.

ULSTER

Sir William Orpen has recently published a volume entitled, "Stories of Old Ireland and Myself." One of the stories, called "The Belfast Child," is a good illustration of the early training of the young Ulsterites in love for the Catholic Church and, in particular, for the Holy Father.

It is of two Belfast women talking together: one is expressing her sorrow for the other, as she had just lost her little son, aged six years. The bereaved mother replied: "Aye, but it was a beautiful death, a beautiful death. There he was, lying in his wee cot, and he stretched out his two wee arms to me and said: 'Mither, bring me me wee sash?' and I brought him his wee sash, and he wrept it round his wee body. Then said he: 'Mither, bring me me wee drum?' I brought him the wee drum, and he gave a couple of wee knocks on the wee drum; then he turned his face to the wall and said, 'To Hell with the Pope,' and the Good Lord took him to Himself. It was a beautiful death."

SIMILARITY?

Mr. Thomas A. Daily, our distinguished American-Irish-Italian poet of Philadelphia, tells this incident:

When I was coming down from my country home in Germantown, the train stopped at Wayne Junction, (as usual) whereupon (not as usual), a number of immigrants got aboard. They were being shifted into the city, and they crowded in, these poor uncouth fellows, into the smoking car, which was full of hundred per cent. Americans, who were occupying two seats, each of them, and none of them anxious at all to take one of these Italians. Of course, I couldn't behave that way, because I had made capital of them for years, so I allowed one of them to sit down alongside of me. He was a bright young fellow, and I found he could speak a little English. When we got into the Terminal, one of those hundred per cent. Americans reproached me: "What did you want to bother with that d— dago for? There are too many

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of them in the country already." I said, "Do you know that one of those d— dagoes has created works of sculpture and painting, that America with all its wealth couldn't buy?" "Who is that?" he asked. "Michael Angelo." "Oh, I heard about him," he said. "Probably you have heard of Columbus, too." He answered, "What are you trying to do, kid me? These dagoes aren't anything like Mike Angelo or Columbus." "Well," I said, "probably they are not; but doesn't it occur to you that they're as much like Michael Angelo and Columbus as you are like Washington and Lincoln."

LINCOLN

Nearly seventy years ago the spirit of the Ku Klux Klan was parading under the name of the Know-Nothings. On August 24, 1855, Mr. Abraham Lincoln wrote to his friend Mr. J. F. Speed:

... You inquire where I now stand. That is a disputed point. I think I am a Whig; but others say there are no Whigs, and that I am an Abolitionist...

I am not a Know-Nothing; that is certain. How could I be? How can anyone who abhors the oppression of negroes be in favor of degrading classes of white people? Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation, we began by declaring that "all men are created equal." We now practically read it "all men are created equal except negroes and foreigners and Catholics." When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, without the alloy of hypocrisy...

Your friend forever,

A. LINCOLN.

IRISHMEN

We claim that the natives of darkest Belfast and any of the alien majority of County Fermanagh when wandering abroad should not be allowed to hail as Irishmen without distinction. The following is from the case-book of *The Bible To-Day*:

"Will any one accept Christ as Savior and Lord and openly confess and follow Him?" said the heated and impassioned preacher at the close of a meeting. Three hands shot up from a side-walk group of sixty people, who stood for half an hour one night at ten o'clock at Fulton and Myrtle Avenues, Brooklyn! When signing the card signifying his decision to accept Christ, one of the three, a man thirty-five years of age, said: "I'm from Ireland. I've been in America six months and much of that time in New York City. Tonight I've found out what's been the matter with me of late. Lonely and uncomfortable in mind and spirit, I was going back tomorrow, but here in this spot tonight it is clear to me what I need—a Savior and friend. I'll sail for Ireland and home tomorrow a Christian and I'll join a church there and be among Christians. I've accepted Christ tonight and I know I'm saved by that. Thank you, sir, and your Institute for preaching where I have heard you. God bless you."—A. P. M.

RECONCILIATION

Surely this affecting scene must have added considerably to the spiritual momentum of the revival:

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Cordial relations have been restored between Evangelist Gipsy Smith and the Rev. W. B. Rutledge, North Chattanooga pastor,

who was taken to task Wednesday evening for being asleep at Dr. Smith's revival service. At the noonday meeting yesterday, after Dr. James I. Vance of Nashville had offered prayer, the evangelist said he desired to say a word about the incident of the previous night. He said he did not know the sleeper was a minister and expressed deep regret that he had hurt anybody. "I would rather hurt myself," he said. At this point the Rev. Wm. Rutledge stepped into the pulpit and shook hands with the evangelist, as the choir and audience sang "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

HOUSEHOLD HELP

The Boston *Post* seems to have its own Poet's Corner in the Domestic Science Department. Here's an excerpt:

Remedies for Ants, Bedbugs and Fleas—
Housewives now are in their glee,
Why can't her home from such be free
When Martin's Powders are had with ease?
For to prevent them there's a way;
As the powders are proving every day
That Martin's Remedies is their friend—
Ants, Bedbugs and Fleas their special blend.

"YOUNG AND SO FAIR"

A Washington correspondent of the *Indianapolis Star* gives this thrilling description of President Coolidge:

Another pleasant thing about the President is his nice, straight legs. Not a trace of curvature, of knocking of the knees, of bumps or hollows, mars his ambulatory equipment. He is as straight and upright as a sapling, fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair. His legs look best in black, his favorite hue. He is scrupulously pressed and valeted, just out of the band-box effect. Gay tints in neckwear are not to the presidential taste. He likes black scarfs brocaded in white or silver, held fast by a modest little pearl or diamond, neat but not gaudy.

CURE FOR PHTHISIS

Dr. Thomas Parker Boyd, of 939 Phelan Building, San Francisco, contributes this personal fact to the *Nautilus Magazine*—the favorite periodical of the high-brow New Thinkers:

A good many years ago, when but a boy of four, I was living in my boyhood home in Kentucky. My father was going along the road and met a neighbor who remarked upon his worn out appearance, to which my father replied, "That boy of ours," meaning yours truly, "almost dies every night of the phthisis, so that my wife or myself have to hold him up in bed to keep him from choking to death. We have used every known remedy without result and are both completely exhausted." The neighbor said, "You go home, take that kid out, back him up against one of the big locust trees in the yard, take an auger and bore a hole into the tree on a level with the top of his head, take a lock of his hair, put it in the hole and drive in a peg, and when he begins to grow above it he will leave the phthisic behind." My father returned home and told mother and asked her what she thought about it. She answered, "We have tried everything else, we might as well try this." He said, "Come on and let us go through with it before some of the neighbors catch us at it." They did according to directions, and from that day until this, more than half a century, the phthisis has never returned.

Happy Christmas and the Church

The Wisdom of the Church in Her Social Relations

By JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., Ph. D.



CHRISTMAS is undoubtedly the happiest feast day of the year and there is more lightening of hearts in connection with it than with regard to any other annual event. All the world is ready to wish its neighbor Merry Christmas and there is never a time when our neighbor is quite literally everyone who happens to come near us or in contact with us in any way. So that we do not hesitate a moment if people should be strangers to us to give them the greetings of the season and confidently expect these to be returned. Barriers fall away and it often happens that those who should be near and dear to each other but for some reason are being kept apart, find this the time when they can forgive and forget and make up. Indeed the spirit of friendship seems to be in the very air of the time.

It is not surprising that the celebration of the anniversary of the day when He came to bring peace to men of good will should have this effect and it is the definite demonstration of the presence of the supernatural in this little world of ours, even though there may be so much of disturbance and disaffection in it in our day.

That greeting of the angels, "Peace on earth to men of good will," has sometimes been changed into the Protestant version, "Peace on earth and good will to men;" but that of course completely neutralizes the general significance of the expression. It is to those who have good will that peace is promised. Christ did not come to give His peace and joy indiscriminately, least of all to force it upon men whether they wanted it or not. His Church tries to prepare men's minds for the proper celebration of the feast especially in what concerns putting them into the proper disposition to enjoy all the happiness that ought to be theirs in connection with the feast and which comes from the thinking about others and trying to make them happy. For that is the principal source of happiness that men have.

WHAT is interesting about the celebration of Christmas in the older time, when the Church had the influence over men's minds that enabled her to shape social policies, is that not only was Christmas Day itself celebrated, but practically

the whole week after Christmas; and indeed most of the days until Twelfth-Night, the Epiphany, had their special observances with Christmas flavor. Thus Yuletide, as it was called, came to be nearly a two weeks' vacation for everyone. There are very definite traditions which make it clear that this represents not merely the exaggeration of a fond memory of the older time but actually recalls for us Christmas practices that were very common in the centuries of long ago.

Christmas eve, the vigil of Christmas, was always considered to be a very important part of the Christmas celebration as ushering in the Holy Night; and in the Catholic Middle Ages working people in preparation for this were supposed to be free from their duties so far as that was at all possible after two o'clock in the afternoon, the Vesper hour. This celebration of the vigil in honor of the most important festival days was considered almost a matter of obligation, so as to permit people to prepare properly for the Sacraments, and was held to be particularly binding as regards Christmas eve.

Christmas itself began with the very early Mass at daybreak—the midnight Mass is a more modern custom—for which people were awakened by the singing of glees through the streets beneath their windows by the young folks of the neighborhood who took this way of beginning Christmas cheer. All of these old time Christmas songs proclaimed the joys of the Savior Who had been born to men.

The early Masses over, people were free for the long day of joy and good cheer with no further religious obligation, though many of them found it a privilege and a pleasure to be present at Vespers or whatever other form of religious ceremonies there might be in the late afternoon or evening. At the end of the day, however, they had not the feeling that now Christmas was over for another year, but on the contrary they felt that a whole long period of joyous celebration had only just begun.

THE Christmas festivities were not ended abruptly but were let down into the celebration of the feast day of the protomartyr Stephen on December 26. As the first fruits of those who were to find joyous entrance into Heaven, even though by bloody means, as the result of the coming of the Lord, St. Stephen was very highly honored.

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Throughout most of the world his feast day was recognized as a holyday of obligation and no servile work was done on it. After Mass people were free to pursue the Christmas good cheer which had been so auspiciously begun on Christmas Day itself. The fact that Stephen had been a martyr chastened the celebration of the joys of the time but not so as to dampen the Christmastide enthusiasm. It lifted Christians up to that seriousness which they must possess in order to derive real benefits and be impressed with lasting memories.

Then after a day's interval, on December 28, came the celebration of Holy Innocents' day, which the Church from very early times observed with the joyous solemnity befitting the commemoration of these little martyrs. For they lost their lives so soon after the coming of Him Who came to bring not peace but a sword. The children particularly were encouraged to hold their special celebrations in honor of the little ones whose lives had been sacrificed by Herod and who were represented as substitutes for the little Lord Himself. The traditions of these celebrations have come down to us in considerable detail. In many places nearly all over Europe a boy bishop was elected and assumed his place formally. Sometimes in the Church itself and properly vested, he received the homages of the children of the neighborhood. They were made to feel in the midst of this make-believe, sanctioned by very ancient tradition, their personal obligations toward the episcopal authority and to the Church in a way that was very vivid and that produced undoubtedly a lasting impression. The Christmas crib had made the coming of the Lord a very vivid reality to them and now the sight of one of their number in episcopal vesture added to this.

One is prone to wonder whether in our time it would not be well for the children who are to be future citizens of the country to have some dramatic exercise of their duties as voters to prepare them for the time when those duties become incumbent on them. We hear so much complaint, particularly at the present time, of the fewness of those who vote compared to the whole number of the electorate that it would seem as though there ought to be no little benefit to be derived from some such significant preparation as this in their earlier years to impress on them the duty which they owe in the matter. The Middle Ages knew how to use symbolism effectively in education as well as in painting, sculpture and architecture.

THE celebration of Holy Innocents day became a real feast day for the little ones, long remembered and carrying with it many lessons. A number of the Religious Orders make it a point

to celebrate Holy Innocents' day as the special feast day of their novices, the children of the Order, and provide opportunities for the celebration in such a way as would be memorable. Some place during this week between Christmas and New Year's there came the celebration of Sunday representing another day of rest and of opportunity to renew the Christmas spirit. After that came the vigil of New Year's and the preparation for the feast day that it represented. Then New Year's itself with its repetition of Christmas feeling in a milder way and the celebration of the beginning of a new year with all that that meant.

There was still left the feast of Little Christmas—the Epiphany—the commemoration of the coming of the Wise Men from the East, bringing their precious gifts to the Baby Lord, the new born King Whose star they had seen in the East. This was the “gift day” of the older time though this feature of it has gradually been transferred to Christmas day itself. The greater Christmas festival, however, was originally kept as the family feast day, when members of families gathered from distant parts to greet each other in honor of that Holy Family the foundation of which was to mean so much for humanity. Only after Little Christmas had passed and Twelfth-Night was over was the Christmas celebration a thing of the past. It is easy to understand that during those twelve days there had been abundant opportunity for the renewal of health and strength and for recreation of mind and body so that the new year would begin in the right way.

INDEED there are a great many people who are inclined to think apparently that the celebration of all these feast days and holydays in the older times kept people too much from their work. The very first thing that happened with the coming of the Reformation, so-called, was the elimination almost entirely of the holydays from the year and, therefore, the taking away of a great many holidays from the working classes.

For every holyday was a holiday once the obligation of hearing Mass was complied with and that might be done in the very early morning. It is true that many people preferred, because of the satisfaction it afforded them, to go to the High Mass of the day and really enjoyed the celebration with its music, its singing and the beautifully decorated church and altar and the impressive ceremonies; but this was not of obligation and people were not only free from the duty of working but they were perfectly at liberty to spend the day in pleasures of any kind that were not unbecoming to them as Christians.

The reforming spirit so wiped out the celebration

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of holydays that among the Puritans in the early times of our American history even Christmas was not kept as holyday or holiday. When the Irish began to come to this country and insisted on keeping Christmas day holy and free from work, our early American ancestors were very much disturbed, and found it hard to understand why the Irish working people should be ready to sacrifice the wages of a whole day for the mere sentimental satisfaction of keeping Christmas. It is said even that a number of the Irish were discharged because they insisted on keeping the holydays which they had been accustomed to observe in their Catholic home across the water.

AS a matter of fact in medieval times the Church established between thirty and forty holydays of obligation throughout the year. The number differed in different places because there were local saints and patrons of cities and of nations that differed in the various parts of Christendom; but between Sundays and the holydays of obligation there were altogether nearly ninety days in the year on which no work was done, that is to say, about one in four of the days were free from labor. This seems to some canny, sordid people entirely too much time to be given to recreation or freedom from labor, but surely this idea would appeal only to those whose minds were intent merely on this world and who did not realize that man has a heritage of eternity that must be looked for and for which this life is only a preparation.

Even from the standpoint of really great accomplishment in this world freedom from the necessity of day-after-day labor is an extremely important consideration. When Mr. Standish O'Grady, the Irish literary man, to whom we are more indebted than to any other for the Irish Renaissance in literature and art in our generation, visited us in this country he had a message for us on this very subject. He reminded us that the two supremely great periods in the history of the human race when men accomplished more that the world will never willingly let die than at any other time, had occurred when men were devoting somewhat more than one-fourth of their time to leisure in the celebration of religious mysteries. Those two periods were the fifth century before Christ in Greece and the great later medieval period when Church music was perfected, the magnificent Church hymns were written, the great Gothic churches were built and painting and sculpture found their supreme expression.

Men, saved from the drive of daily labor and with more than an extra day in the week besides Sunday for recreation, had the time to think deeply

and express beautifully their innermost thoughts with regard to the mystery of human existence and its place between birth and eternity.

THE Church secured for her children then the opportunities for recreation of mind and body which meant so much for physical health and mental development. Christmas with its fortnight round of celebrations is only a striking example of the freedom from grinding labor all during the year which the Church succeeded in obtaining. In this the guilds were mainly instrumental because they were really Church organizations requiring their membership to fulfil Church obligations and with certain powers granted them by government, securing not only a living wage for their members but also such distribution of their labor and such opportunities for rest and recreation as made life happy as well as successful from the pecuniary standpoint.

When M. Urbain Gohier, the French sociologist, lectured some years ago before the universities in this country he reminded us that the old guilds had obtained for their members the right of the "three eights," that is eight hours of labor, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for the re-creation of mind and body so that a man might get something more out of life than merely enough to supply the necessities of his body. He reminded us also that the Saturdays were free after the Vesper hour, that is, after two p. m., and this custom held also for the vigils of important feasts; so that there were a good many other hours free for the workman.

We have learned more and more in recent years that the world's work gets done more satisfactorily not by keeping men eternally at it, but by giving them such opportunities for rest and recreation as lift their spirits up to their highest accomplishment. It has been suggested that very probably all the necessary work of the world could be done in even a six hour day or something less if everyone took his share in it. Under these circumstances all would probably be healthier because more occupied in mind with due exercise for the body, so that the Church's policy in the older day was eminently foreseeing and well calculated to prove best even from the merely temporal standpoint for humanity.

Governments have come to recognize in recent years the advisability of having holidays at various times during the year. As a consequence of this, every ten years in recent times has seen the creation of another holiday in the year. There is now at least one holiday on the average in every month during the year. After New Year's in January, there are now Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays in February, carnival time usually in March, Good

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Friday and Eastertide in April, Decoration Day in May, the college commencements in June, the Fourth of July, Labor Day in September, Columbus Day in October, Thanksgiving Day in November, and then the Christmas celebration.

In England they have actually put in bank holidays on a Monday four times a year so that there shall be a series of quarter tenses of week-ends from Saturday until Tuesday, every year. The change in religion eliminated the holidays and holidays and now they are put back for health reasons and because they really conduce to the accomplishment of more and better work during the year.

THE wisdom of the old Church in her social relations becomes more and more clear as time goes on. This is true in every phase of her legislation with regard to worldly affairs. For a time in our day serious doubt was thrown upon the benefit of legislation forbidding consanguineous marriages. It was said that the Church's regulations were meant only to prevent immorality and that a taboo of threatened physical deterioration was attached to Church law to secure its observance, though there were said to be no such evil effects consequent upon the violations of the law.

Experience has shown, however, that in the islands along the American coast where families closely related intermarry they deteriorate very seriously. Actually on some islands children cannot receive education beyond the fourth or fifth grade because the law forbidding consanguineous marriages is so backward. The law is on nothing better than the desire of the Church to increase its own membership, but recent investigations have shown that children born in families after the fourth or fifth are on the average brighter and more intelligent than those born in the early period of the families and that the small family is depriving us of the birth of genius and of talent to a great extent. A recent English investigator has declared that the law of primogeniture, by which the first born inherits the main portion of parents' property and dignity, has proved anything but advantageous for the nations that have maintained it.

Thoughts such as these with regard to the Church's wisdom in her regulations of life are worth while fostering during the Christmas time when leisure is afforded for such thoughts. The Church has manifestly been guided providentially in her enactment of legislation with regard to temporal as well as eternal life. Her laws have made for happiness here below and the opportunity for the highest expression of the best that was in

men at all times. Christmas and its joys are only the symbols of this and no one can participate in them more heartily than those who with a good conscience put themselves in sympathy with the Church's mood at this time. "Peace on earth and happiness to men of good will" is the slogan of the time.

In Mary's Arms

(Posthumous)

By EDMUND HILL, C. P.

I.

HE comes not to awe me—
To thrill me with fear:
He seeks but to draw me,
To woo me, to win me:
This frail heart within me,
He holds it so dear!

He comes not in splendor,
Though Fountain of light.
In guise the most tender
He hastens to meet me—
In babe-form to greet me
This calm Christmas night.

II.

The arms of Thy Mother,
How sweetly they hold Thee,
Divine Baby-Brother!

Ah, let me dare say it—
For fond looks betray it—
Mine too would enfold Thee!

But nay! Let *Her* press Thee
To that sinless breast:
Mine would but distress Thee!
So oft has it griev'd Thee,
And wrong'd and deceiv'd Thee,
'Twould trouble Thy rest.

III.

My Queen, I adore Him
Enthroned on *thy* Heart:
And meekly implore Him
That I in *its* pleading,
Its pure interceding,
May ever have part.

Through thee, Blesséd Mother,
He comes to be mine—
My Saviour, my Brother.
Through thee, while I take Him,
Return will I make Him,
My life-love in *thine*!

A Catechist in New Mexico

Another Personal-Fact Narrative

By CONSTANCE EDGERTON



CATECHIST: Are you willing to put in your days under a merciless desert sun, whose glare on the white, hot sands of midday brings the wrinkles to the corners of your eyes? Can you reconcile yourself to blinding, sunlit desert days? Can you visualize yourself at sunset, looking out over the desert waste—miles and miles of changing sands, white, pink, yellow, amethyst, crimson, in choppy waves? Limitless. A scanty vegetation, a trail hugging the hills, beyond the hills the *Sangre de Cristo* mountains, lifting their snow-capped summits into the clear blue of the New Mexican sky. For a change you ride out the trail, which is dusty. Many detached buttes, whose soilless surface refuses sustenance, and to whose sides cling stunted pine, greet you. A few evergreen pines, mountain cedar, and flaming cactus. From this height you glimpse the green valley below.

THE PEOPLE: Foreigners to you, looking on you as a foreigner. "*Habla usted Espanol? Tenga usted la Maestra?*" they ask, and your ear, unattuned to the dulcet sounds, understands not. Your mind is not yet sharpened to rapid repartee. You look in your Spanish phrase book and the Mexican shakes his head. . . . Or, perchance you are sent to an Indo-Mexican village, imbedded in the superstition of ages, who believe in the snake dance and *Los Penitentes*.

THE FOOD: Dear God, please do give us cast-iron stomachs!

FITNESS: The study of sociology, even to three hundred supervised hours in Gary or Chicago, is a far flung cry from the little Mexican village huddled in the hills, where the *Penitente* is a sacred ritual, to which you will be bidden if you have a working knowledge of Spanish and a devotion that is evident to the people. You too will see a man strapped, face downward, to a cross, receiving the lashes of the woven grass whips. All this, they tell you, is for redemption.

DAWN in the desert broke in a wash of light. The sun was riding over the *Sangre de Cristos*. The sky was a-glitter with topaz, deep blue amethyst. The hot wind blew through the valley. On the edge of the sand old women were astir.

In the early sunlight the Mexican boys went slowly across the sand to the little valley where flowed a stream, the *Rio del Roho*. I was lying on my bed, in the only two story house in the village, watching the stupid sheep. It was mid-summer and the days were long and yellow.

Momentarily I forgot there had ever been another world, forty miles across the desert, to the prosperous little mining town I called home. Forty miles of desert sands. A wilderness of miles. Desert sands under desert suns. In that forty miles there was a native population, patches of grazing, some cultivation.

On a June day I had ridden over. The sun had glared down with a pitiless, penetrating heat. The blue hills seemed to quiver under it. Pedro Anillo had driven two of his best horses to Devil's Neck, to meet his daughter who left the Colorado train there. They brought me back with them.

We left the Neck late in the afternoon, and when we were half way across the desert the great moon rose above the rim of the eastern hills. Carmelita (Pedro's daughter), who had been through the convent school in Walsenberg, and I talked of our work, the summer school. Padre Montoya had sent me to this village for the summer to act as catechist and school keeper. Carmelita, filled with youth's enthusiasm, was to help me, in this her native heath, Santa Martina.

BY midsummer we had prepared a class of fifty First Communicants. We had classes in nursing, sewing, cooking, millinery, and a primer class for unlettered adults. We were making progress, and at a sacrifice. Forty miles from a railroad track, a village of sixty houses (some vacant) each with a tiny strip of land; the waste stretches for the herds; the stunted oak and pine for fire wood. Twice a week the stage brought the mail from Roswell.

Now, as I lay and watched the sunrise, the sheep and the women, I was a-tremble with sheer misery. I arose, dressed, and prayed. My rebellion left me. I went down to prepare my breakfast which was ever the same—black coffee, persimmon sauce, bread. My menu sometimes varied to wild pear sauce which often left my tongue swollen from over-indulgence.

I lived in the school, cleaned the rooms, cooked

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for myself, baked my bread in the outdoor earthen oven. Carmelita rode to school on her pony each day. Her father's ranch was six miles distant.

The tall young goodliness of Carmelita was a stimulant to me. She taught school like a veteran, and ruled by love. She was only nineteen, and graduated from Loretto Academy. Once, as we stood in the scant shade of the stunted cottonwood, her eyes on the far-a-way mountains, she told me her duty was to remain at home, learn to make candles, altar linens, cook, nurse, be prudent, marry a wise young Mexican. There was a mocking note in her voice. I wondered if she were serious.

Yet another day she told me her parents were arranging for her wedding. The young man, accompanied by his parents, had been to her home. He too was nineteen, and that June was graduated from *El Colegio de San Miguel*. She and he had talked alone in her father's garden. Their parents had thought they were talking of love, romance, or mayhap the wedding settlements. He, Roberto Anallo, wished to become a teaching brother, and devote his life to the Mexican youth. Right here in New Mexico, he told her, was a wonderful field for mission workers. She agreed with him and said she would pray for his success. . . . Of herself she said: "When you go back to your regular school work, I will reside in your house, and teach this school. Ever I meant to give my life to God through my people. As a lay worker I can accomplish much. Their customs are mine; their language, their religion."

MID-AFTERNOON it snowed. The month was August, but that is the way of the mountains. Great soft flakes that soon made a covering for the earth mounted higher and higher. Carmelita, who had sixteen children in her room, tied them all to herself with a rope, and proceeded to take them home. I stood mute and watched her, this girl, half my age, and one hundred times more capable.

Two days later I learned she had delivered them all. The sun came out. The snow melted. Summer reigned once more. From the last house in the village, where she had safely delivered the last child, Carmelita returned to school. She was full of good plans. She said:

"Miss Edgerton, why can't you and I train a few of these village girls to help us? Tomassa Romero is twenty. She can read and write in Spanish and in English. She walked six miles across the canyon to the district school, and she is intelligent. When Miss Ward, the teacher, was sick, Tomassa taught. She told me yesterday she was thinking of going to Los Vegas to do house-

work, or wash dishes in the hotel. If she got twenty five dollars a month here at home she would think herself a millionaire. And consider the good she would do!"

Tomassa came to help us. She taught Carmelita's class. Carmel took my class. And I went among the families.

I chanced to see smoke curling from the chimney of an empty house that sat well back in the hill. Upon investigation I found an old lady and her granddaughter. Such a girl!

They had walked from Belen, more than one hundred miles, their scant possessions on their backs. Louise was smart, said the grandmother. She was eighteen and through high school.

Before they unpacked their worldly goods, I asked them to come to the school, where they both took up residence. Two more workers for Carmelita! Louise specified her wages—ten dollars a month. The grandmother, Senora Estaban, asked five!

Carmelita prevailed upon her father to purchase a car for country visiting. Her one object was to keep the girls in their own village, teach them to be self-supporting.

"If we could only start some sort of industry we could do this," she said. "Do you suppose we could make baskets, or sausage, or supply the world at large with wild pear relish?"

SHE was so earnest in her desire to better conditions generally that I was dumb before her, realizing my inability. What could I suggest? It was drawing near to my departure. Another year and Padre Montoya would send me to a more desolate spot (if possible) and I was ashamed of the many times I had rebelled at having to live here.

Yet in days to come I will see and feel a chapel of adobe, decorated with bright paper flowers; little girls wreathed and veiled, followed by adults, marching from school to the chapel, the sun beating down pitilessly. I will see Padre Montoya communicating them, his people, and like a great golden-hearted lily will rise before me Carmelita Anillo, descendant of Spanish Grandees, heiress to a vast estate, young, lovely, walking her way alone, from choice. When I hear the cry of a babe I will think of Carmelita as I often saw her handling a new-born babe. I will see the mother love in her Madonna-like face.

A dream village. Yes. One of the many that nestle among the New Mexican hills, untouched by civilization; passed unnoticed by archaeologists; known and mourned by the padres; brought to Christ's sacred feet by self-sacrificing lay women like Carmelita Anillo.

The Restless One

An Ancient Legend Revives in Sangerlands, N. J.

By ETHEL KING



HE Jewish pedler with his clanking pack of tinware on his bowed back was eyed with suspicion from the first moment he appeared in Sangerlands. He was such an odd-looking creature! He would have been very tall had he ever chosen to stand upright. But he carried his bag swung over his left shoulder and he bent in that direction until his long slender body wrapped in a tight black coat seemed like the twisted trunk of a tree.

Sangerlands was a secluded little village in New Jersey. Geographically, it was not far from New York, but in manners and appearance it was a huge distance from all urban sophistication and standards. For the most part the villagers were the descendants of early German settlers, and old customs and beliefs and superstitions, due to a gloomy faith, clung to them like barnacles.

On the outskirts of Sangerlands stood a deserted cob-webby shanty. It was merely a lean-to, but the wan quiet Jew adopted it as his home, and there at night after his daily rounds he would trudge his weary way.

In Sangerlands everyone knew everybody else's business. It was a big family, that village. Hence when this strange uncommunicative newcomer took up his abode there the inhabitants grew distrustful.

It was hard to get anything out of the fellow, Sangerlands decided. After the very bluntest kind of questioning all anyone learned was that he had come from Russia.... long ago.... been a furrier in the slums of New York... his family had died... ill health had overtaken him... the doctor ordered him to get outdoor work... he had become a pedler.

He gave these facts in a halting, grudging way, and for all Sangerlands knew they might have been so many lies. No sympathy was wasted on him! Then his obsequious humility was irritating too. Why should any man, if he were honest, cringe along with his head bowed? Why didn't he step out boldly if he had nothing to fear?

One evening as he was passing a group of men at the post office he rubbed his reddish beard with one hand and threw a timid glance toward them as though he meant to offer a friendly greeting. But

the men were cold and unresponsive and he went on without a word.

"Queer!" one of the men described him. Another spoke up with something of a shudder, "Did you notice that eye of his?" As though anyone could help noticing it! Or both of those eyes, for that. For one of them was covered with a thin whittish film. He probably saw nothing out of it; and it was evident he tried to make the other do duty for both by peering with an intense near-sighted stare. A third loungeur put in, "Maybe he's the Wandering Jew!"

Some of the men laughed. But an old farmer nodded significantly. "It might be him, all right," he said; and he fell to relating a legend he had heard in the old country. All about the time when Christ was on His way to death and He stopped to rest against a Jew's door. And how this Jew had ordered Him on. And then the Christ had turned and had looked this Jew in the eye and had said these words, "I shall stay, but *you* shall go on until the end of time!" And, true enough, the Jew had been roaming the world over ever since that dreadful day, a miserable outcast, foot-sore and weather beaten.

IN the eerie Spring twilight with the green hills looming in the background shutting out the rest of the earth these ignorant, intolerant men heard the old tale again and when they went home they repeated it to their wives. The women, more credulous than the men, amplified the ancient pitiful story. Hadn't it been told that the Wandering Jew renewed his youth every so often? And hadn't they noticed that sometimes this very Jew looked much younger than he was? Wasn't it strange, too, that he never told anything about himself?

They began to fear him. The children ran away when he came by, although in the beginning he had shyly sought to make friends with them. None of the villagers ever bought his goods. None, that is, except Madame Ruel, the wife of the little French shoemaker. She lived at the other end of the village and sometimes purchased small odds and ends from him as he passed her door.

But, then, she was different from the other folk in many ways, Sangerlands knew. She was a "foreigner," and a Catholic and—well, had her own peculiar ways. And yet all Sangerlands ad-

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mitted that her ways were pretty fine. Madame was highly admired, for great was her skill as a nurse. Whenever sickness visited a home, Madame Ruel was begged to give advice and assistance. "She's as good as a doctor," grateful ones declared. Though Sangerlands called one another by the first name, she was dignified with the title, "Madame." Even her husband was just "Pierre" to the others.

When Summer arrived the Jew went away for a while, as he was wont to do at intervals, to buy new supplies presumably, or on Heaven knows what diabolical errand, Sangerlands suspected.

For some time there had been news, fearful news from the neighboring towns and villages of an awful plague that was sweeping the country, wasting childhood and youth. Sangerlands waited in dread for it to strike there. But the days slipped into weeks and not a case of sickness appeared among them.

Then the Jew, with his rattling tins and clad in his old black suit, returned as mutely as he had gone. And almost coincidentally with his coming the plague broke out.

Someone muttered, "The Wandering Jew has brought it among us. They say bad fortune travels in his path." Wild, bitter murmurs began to be heard against him.

Madame Ruel had her hands full, hurrying from sick bed to sick bed. What would Sangerlands have done without her!

AUGUST turned into a hot, breathless September. The pestilence showed never a sign of abatement. True, no one yet had died of it in the village but numbers were seriously sick. Many would probably be crippled and distorted for life, it was predicted. The nerves of all were taut, stretched out cruelly. A fanatical hatred was forming among the people against the pedler.

One murky night when all nature was a-quiver, waiting expectant and helpless before the breaking of a long-threatened storm, the men decided to take matters into their own hands.

"We'll tar and feather him and run him out of town!" the less ferocious growled savagely. "Only let's get at him!" the worse element gloated. And there circulated the order, "Don't let the women know about it!"

Madame Ruel, on one of her errands of mercy, heard what the men were up to. She ran to her cottage. But no, she had no need to fear that Pierre was mixed up in any of the evil doings, for there he was asleep in his chair. She slipped into her bedroom. Twice she put up her hand to remove her crucifix from the wall. She would take

it with her into the midst of those furious men! But no, she reflected, better not. The men were wild that night. They belonged to an alien creed. They might possibly mis-use her beloved emblem.

Without a word to her sleeping husband she started off for the Jew's shanty. Hurry as she might, the hunters were ahead of her. When she arrived, panting, she found a snarling crowd surrounding the Jew whom they had dragged out and bound to a tree. For the first time she saw him without his big black slouch hat. His red hair and beard stood on end with fear. And out of his bleached face lolled in terror his one seeing eye.

Those near him were taunting him with question and insult. Some had lighted firebrands that dissipated the darkness. Madame Ruel could scarcely recognize in these furies the men she knew as kind neighbors and orderly citizens. With a prayer to God for help, she ran forward and placed herself in front of the trembling victim.

When the men saw her they stared at her wide-eyed, and a hush fell upon them. Madame Ruel there! Why? Had she bad news for anyone? No one spoke his thoughts. Each waited in fear for her to speak.

SHE called out in her precise English, "Men, you know how I love you and all yours. How I am caring and toiling for your dear sick ones. Do this, then, for me. Spare this poor creature. He is not to blame for any of the misfortunes that have been heaped upon us. You call him the Wandering Jew. There never was such a person! Can you not realize that Christ would never condemn a man to such torture. Christ was all merciful, all heart. To will that a man should wander forever an outcast would be the act of a vengeful, spiteful human, not Christ. He was compassionate. He died for you and me and this man here. In the name of Christ, then, I beseech you to do nothing violent—nothing you will be sorry for when you come to your senses. In the name of God, I ask you!"

Across the gloomy skies flashed a vivid streak of lightning, and a sudden booming of thunder, loud and prolonged, followed so closely on her words that it seemed as though the Heavens were endorsing her pleading with solemn emphasis.

She stood her ground. Again the skies kindled and the hill-sides rumbled ominously. In the shaking glare of the lightning the men beheld her white and trembling but calm. She spoke directly to a big fellow, "Peter, your two boys have just been taken sick. It will be days and weeks before they are well again. But I will stay with them.

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I will do all in my power for them. Do this for me." He dropped his head.

Then to the leader she called out, "John Dirks, you know how bad your little one is. I have left her a few moments ago. In one, two hours I will go back and remain with her all this night. We need you there, in your home, not here. Do what I ask of you."

Dirks was quivering in agony. With a groan he took a step backward and his torch fell to the ground. Gradually each one in the mob dropped his weapons or faggots. They looked up at her; and they could not refuse her plea. They tried to jabber blusteringly among themselves. Then the leader, John Dirks, spoke up gruffly to Madame Ruel: "We'll let him go because *you* ask it. But he's got to leave town!"

They untied the Jew's thongs. He was stiff and trembled so he could hardly carry himself along. They threw out to him his pack. He tried to raise it but could not. Then a man near him lifted it and jammed it down on his sagging shoulders. With a push hands sent him off and all watched him disappear in the darkness, his tins jingling foolishly against the wild magnificence of the thunder. The French woman stayed until the end, her eyes full of tears at the look of dumb gratitude the poor Jew cast back at her as he stumbled off.

Curiously enough, after the Jew's departure the cool weather settled down on the village and the plague disappeared in a trice. The sick grew well and the Jew was soon forgotten.

DURING the following Easter holidays Emma Ritter's sister-in-law, who lived about twenty miles away in Greenburgh, came over to see her. Elsa Muller was a bright talkative young woman and at the church social gave the company a graphic account of an exciting visitor to her home town in the winter just past. He was a weird-looking fellow who had declared himself to be the Wandering Jew!

The Wandering Jew! . . . At this name her listeners were all ears. "What was he?" they demanded. "A pedler?" . . . "And what did he look like?" Yes, Elsa remembered that he was a pedler—carried a pack of some sort. But nobody bought anything of him. Then she described his red hair and beard and the single eye that gazed out so horribly.

The Sangerlands men and women stared at each with mouths agape. Then a great buzz of talk arose. The Wandering Jew! The idea! Why, that was the very same man they had kicked out. The imposter! The cheat! He called himself

the Wandering Jew, did he? Sangerlands was wroth with him for daring to say he was what they themselves had said he was!

Elsa heard them through their indignation and tossed her flaxen head. Well, Greenburgh was a smart town too! Yes, the Jew had gathered in a few pennies from some old women. My, to hear him ramble on! How he was standing at his door on the day of the Crucifixion when Christ came by. And then, after Christ laid the sentence on him, he had to leave his wife and child and wander forth. What he had gone through! What penance he had done! And he was to be saved on the Judgment Day because he had sinned in ignorance, not wilfully. . . . All this and more like it, just the same as a parrot might utter words it had heard . . . He fared pretty well with this talk for a time but the minister got after him. Ah, the minister plied him with a lot of sharp questions! And he couldn't answer them. Just stared like a dumb ox. Well, he disappeared one night, and good for him that he did! And Elsa smiled significantly.

FUNNY, wasn't it, with so many pretty girls in Sangerlands, that such a fine unstanding lad as Julius Zimmerman had to go forty miles away to do his courting. A slip of a gray-eyed maiden was the attraction that drew him to Kamton whenever he could get away from the farm.

Usually he returned from these trips in a rapt, silent mood. But on that October afternoon, when he came home from seeing his dear Myrtle, he was bursting with news. To anyone that would listen he pictured what he had seen in Kamton. . . . The Wandering Jew! Sangerlands' outcast Wandering Jew! He was more miserable than ever, Julius averred, but it seemed the wretch had been making some money there, playing on the credulous with his evil demon tales. And oh, but he had grown brazen! He claimed for himself wonderful powers of healing. One woman said he cured her headache. Another vowed he cured her sore arm. But when he used his magic, or whatever it was, on a crippled boy, telling him to throw aside his crutches and to walk, and when the lad ventured again and again only to fall to the ground, then Kamton rose in its anger and stoned the vile imposter and drove him out.

And listening, Sangerlands to a man ground a foot into the turf and spat on the ground and drove one fist hard into the other to signify hatred for the Jew and satisfaction in his troubled fate. If he ever showed his ill-made features there again. . . . !

But he did come back.

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ONE day in June, Pierre the shoemaker was sitting in his small dwelling that was half workshop and half home. The place was less tidy than formerly. Pierre himself was thinner. In his hands he held a shoe he was pretending to mend. But his thoughts and his heart were in the sloping green cemetery where he had buried his Marie two weeks before.

Such a wife she had been! What a worker! To think she would snap off the way she did. Now if she hadn't spent her strength so, always doing for others, maybe she'd be still alive. Pierre would still have had her! Charity begins at home, he thought sadly. He felt frightened and lost like a child left alone in the dark. He began to see the future through a mist of self-pity. Lonesome years ahead... no mending, no darning... no savory soups made as he wanted them...

Then his depressing reverie was cut short as someone floundered through his open doorway and fell to the floor in a squatting posture. Why, it looked like... was it? Why, why... yes, it was the Wandering Jew! He seemed a hundred years old, and his clothes were dirty and more ragged than ever. He leaned against the wall panting for breath. Pierre was so astonished at seeing the man again and in such far-gone straits that he could find no words but sat wondering. At last the Jew spoke and as he did so he tried to search with his one poor eye into the room beyond. "Where is Madame?" he asked hoarsely.

Pierre's face puckered. "She's dead!" he whimpered. "Two weeks ago they put her away back in the graveyard."

The Jew drew a long tired breath. "Then I did not need to have come so far. It was a long hard journey." His body sagged with weariness.

But after a pause he looked up once more. A fever was burning him out. His words came in a stronger tone as he droned out how a doctor had informed him he had but a short time to live. That meant the end of the world was coming soon. It had been foretold the Wandering Jew would taste of death only on the Judgment Day.

So he had returned to Sangerlands.... He wanted to warn Madame; to tell her the world was coming to an end....

Pierre's tears were dried now. He was listening, awed. Even his dull intellect took in the terrifying fact that the Jew whatever he might have been in the past, was now quite, quite mad.

The horror of that dragging homeward march stuck in the poor Jew's delirious brain and bits of it he described in panting intervals.... By railroad as long as money lasted... After that he had to trudge it, forcing himself on to his goal...

To tell Madame, no one else. She had been the sole one who had ever done him a good turn... Ah, such weary going.... At nights he slept on the ground... By day he crept along unused paths.... At last he reached Sangerlands... And Madame was dead!

Ah, well, he would go on to the cemetery then. Clinging to the doorpost he pulled himself up and staggered out, throwing back to Pierre, who called to him to stay, these words. "I am going to the cemetery. The dead will soon arise from their graves. I want to be near Madame when she comes forth. I want to look on her kind face again." And he was gone.

PIERRE, possibly sensing Marie's compassionate presence over-shadowing him, scolded himself, murmuring that he really must go after the unhappy sufferer and bring him back. But it always took Pierre such a long time to think things out and to make up his mind. When he found his cap at last and left the house, the Jew was nowhere in sight.

The Sunday before, Decoration Day had been celebrated in the village with stirring and martial ceremonies. The children were still playing soldiers out on the green as Pierre hurried by them and on to the cemetery. There he found the Jew propped against a small headstone that bore the inscription: "Marie Ruel. Aged 59 years. Rest in peace."

The alarmed shoe-maker cried out. "You are sick. Come away with me. This is no place for you."

The Jew had taken off his broken shoes. His feet were bare and swollen. Again he mumbled his ridiculous and heart-rending words. "All these dead people will soon spring out of their graves. I want to be near her, to see her kind face again."

Then he drew his hand over his grotesque eyes with, "If... if I can see her. It's growing dark, isn't it?"

Pierre answered him truthfully. "No, the sun is high in the heavens."

"Then it must be the end!" the other said simply, and there was even gratitude in his tones. Peace spread over his face, and the ugliness was smoothed out of it and the humble mien took on a nobility never before seen there.

In the roadway beyond the children were still at their mimic soldiering. One of them blew a shrill blast on a toy bugle. The Jew struggled to his feet. "The last trumpet!" he cried exultantly. Then he fell backward. With a supreme effort he flung wide his arms and spoke his final words, "Lord, here I am!"

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED

The Seven Dolors of Mary

Some Thoughts and Affections on the Mother of Sorrows

THE BURIAL OF JESUS

"And taking Him down, he wrapped Him in fine linen, and laid Him in a sepulchre that was hewed in stone, wherein never yet any man had been laid."
—(St. Luke, 23/53).

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

EMBALMENT among the Jews in the time of our Lord was quite a complicated affair, so that the shadows of evening are beginning to fall when at last the dead body of the Son of God is ready for burial. The corpse is completely swathed in long bands of linen laid over each other and saturated with the mixture of the oil of myrrh and the powder of aloes.

The face of Jesus is now alone visible. All impress a kiss on His pale, cold brow. Mary, last of all, covers the face with its burial veil. It is finished. Joseph and Nicodemus and their servants raise the body and bear it down the hill of Calvary towards the sepulchre.

The little funeral procession is led by Mary and the beloved disciple. Then come Mary Magdalen and the other holy women. And after the body itself are the servants with torches to light the darkness of the tomb. This tomb, but a stone's throw from the scene of the crucifixion, was hewn out of the solid rock. It had a small entrance-chamber, from which a low doorway opened into the actual place of entombment. Here the body of Jesus is reverently laid. The funeral hymns are finished. All give one, last, long look of love and sorrow; and they are outside once more, with Joseph and his servants rolling a great stone to the entrance.

When the dead body of Jesus was laid in Mary's arms at the foot of the Cross, we said that the sword of sorrow had pierced to the inmost depths of her soul, just as we would say that a mother's grief reaches its piercing climax when she sees her son lying dead before her. Yet, though a sword of sorrow has penetrated as far as it may go, it

can still be turned in the wound that it has made. And this illustration may best describe the pain that now tortures Mary's heart.

How often does it not happen that a mother who has stood bravely beside the deathbed of her son and who has borne up beside his dead body, swoons away as the first spadeful of earth falls with a hollow thud upon the coffin in the grave. Such is the pain that Mary now endures. Many years before, the Mother of God had had a premonition of this sorrow, when for three days she sought the Child Jesus in the streets of Jerusalem. Then, however, she always had the hope of meeting Him. Now, she has lost her Son irrevocably in the darkness of the grave.

We may say that Mary was upheld here by the thought of the coming Resurrection of Jesus. Yet, this is her time of bitter trial, not of consolation. Now she is to be made the model and consoler of all sorrowing souls, souls tempted to doubt, to rebellion, to despair. Thus it is that the light of faith in her heart, though burning ever so strongly, is permitted to be overshadowed and obscured by a heavy veil of sorrow during the long, dreary hours that follow the burial of Jesus and before the coming of the dawn of Easter Sunday. This is why Saturday has always been Mary's day, why it has been kept sacred to this crowning sorrow of Mary.

Ah Mother, thy martyrdom of sorrow is now completed. Jesus is dead and thy heart is buried with Him in the darkness of the tomb. These are indeed the blackest hours of thy life. And yet the supreme hour of joy is about to come to thee. The deep gloom of Holy Saturday is to be followed by the radiant happiness of Easter morning. O Mary, teach me that it is thus God deals with me. Just when everything is apparently lost, when I feel that He has altogether forsaken me, then it is that He is preparing for me His best gifts,

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if only I remain true to Him during my time of trial. Help me, Mother, in all the dark hours of life, to cling to God with thee. Especially in that last dark hour of death let me be with thee, so that I may be found with thee when Jesus comes for me. (*Continue making such affections as long as you feel your heart moved by them*).

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

THE hours that immediately followed the burial of Jesus were the darkest hours of life for all those who had given up everything for His love. Unlike Mary, however, these others are quite overwhelmed by their grief, and the light of faith in their souls seems to be extinguished.

Yet their love for Jesus, a natural, sorrowing love, without the strength of supernatural faith and hope, has not gone from them; and one by one they come together to mourn over their Beloved. What more natural than that they should come to the mother of their dead Master!

Thus, during the long hours of Holy Saturday they return to Mary—Peter who had denied Jesus, the others who had fled from Him—all now shamefaced and broken-hearted.

Would they have come back to Mary, unless they knew that she would receive them? Ah, there is no word of reproach for any of them. Only a look of love and forgiveness that makes the strong, self-willed Peter sob like a child, as he remembers the last look of Jesus in the courtyard of the high-priest. And then, as they stay with Mary, a new peace and trustfulness begin to take possession of their hearts; for the mother of their Lord has not lost hope; she is not cast down. Yes, Mary is concealing her own sorrow and is comforting her poor children with words of hope, reminding them of the promises of Jesus, how He had told them that all these things must happen, but that afterwards, on the third day, He should rise again from the dead, glorious and immortal.

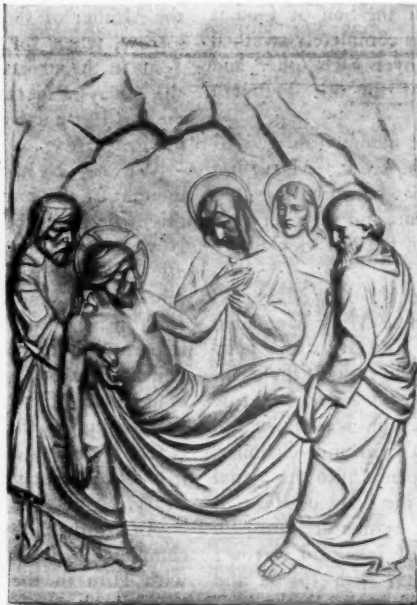
So the Mother of God keeps the breath of life in the seed that is to bloom into the Church of God. In her, during these dark hours, centres all the faith and hope and love of those who are to be

the princes of the Church. Now indeed Mary earns the title, "Mother of the Church," as she is to win the right to that same title on Pentecost Sunday, when the Holy Ghost comes down upon her as the central figure of 'the Apostolic Body, and when for fifteen years she foregoes the joys of heaven and bears the sorrow of exile from her Son to mother His Infant Church. Thus our Lord has taught us, in a more forcible manner even than He taught us from the Cross, that Mary must be our mother.

Ah, if our love for that Blessed Mother is weak, there is but one cause to blame. We never think of what Mary suffered for us. We never recall her dolours, her life of poverty and suffering and sorrow, with the thought always piercing her soul like a sword-thrust that her Boy is one day to be nailed to a Cross. We never bring home to ourselves the great truth that Mary delivered up her own Son to the death of the Cross for each one of us, renewing her offering every day of His life; and that she would be willing to suffer all her martyrdom again to save each one of us.

Mother, why didst thou not die with Jesus?

Ah, it was to stay with thy children that thou didst consent to undergo the separation from Jesus in the tomb, and then the long years of separation from Him after His Ascension into heaven. Thus for our sakes thou didst remain Mother of Sorrows until thy death, with the sword of sorrow, caused by the separation from thy Son, the remembrance of His Passion and the ingratitude of men, always in thy heart. O Mary, let me never forget all that thou hast done for me. Mother of Sorrows, *my* mother, make my heart burn with new love for thee every day until I can love thee perfectly in heaven. (*Continue making such affections as long as you feel your heart moved by them*).



THE BURIAL OF JESUS

RESOLUTION: I shall practice some little devotion each day in honor of the sorrows of Mary. Especially shall I keep Saturday sacred to the remembrance of all that Mary suffered to become my mother.

ASPIRATION: Mary, make me thy true child.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



Baby Jesus

By Father Neil, C. P.

Dear little Babe, in Thy cold manger smiling,
Sweet little Babe, Thy mother's fears beguiling,
Smile through the years to me,
Strengthen my trust in Thee,
Open my heart to see
How grace 'neath frailest forms can hide,
How in Thy Weakness can abide
Thy dread Divinity,
O wondrous Babe!

The Birthday of Our Lord

It is not enough to stand at the Crib and gaze with gladness upon the Divine Infant and His blessed Mother—hovering over Him. Here in a wonderfully easy way you can learn the real meaning of certain answers in your catechism that you may have found it hard to commit to memory and fully to understand. Consider what happens at the birth of our Lord as compared with what takes place in the birth of ordinary men. When a man is born a new creature begins to exist after God has put an immortal soul into a human body.

But our Lord, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, existed before He was born at Bethlehem. As God He was with the Father from all eternity. The difference in His birth was tremendous. It meant that God had united to Himself both a human soul and body. Henceforth we call Him God-Man. The Infant Jesus is all that in one Person. Hence the word INCARNATION—so big and mysterious to many catechism scholars, and hence what you are carefully taught about our Lord having one Person and two natures.

Now, tarry at the Crib a moment and ask, "Why all this?"

The answer will make wonderfully clear for you another big and mysterious word—REDEMPTION. Our Lord did not come into this world on the first Christmas night just on a pleasant visit to His creatures. His coming as God-Man was necessary if we were to be saved from eternal misery. God could not permit mankind to enter

heaven with the guilt of sin upon them. No one but God Himself could make satisfaction for that guilt because the enormity of that guilt is measured by God's infinite holiness which is offended by it. Not even the highest archangel, moved to pity at our fate, could have offered himself as a victim for a single mortal sin. Therefore it had to be One equal to God Himself. But as God alone He could not become a victim, suffer and die. There was one way and you see it now realized before you. It is all the result of that infinite love which moved Him to present Himself to His Father and say, "Behold I come; behold a Body Thou hast fitted to Me!"

To be truly grateful to our Lord at Christmas time you must give at least a passing thought to the cruel nails that will pierce those little Hands and Feet one day when He has grown to manhood.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SON

It was from your catechism that you first learned that God made you, that He created the world and all things. Afterwards as you looked around and used your reason you could see for yourself that neither you with all your faculties nor the world with all the wonders of nature could have come into being by chance any more than by shaking some springs and wheels together you could expect to produce a watch.

A Scotch philosopher named Beattie formed the idea of inspiring his young son with faith in Providence not by the catechism or direct instruction but through his own observation. The boy was just beginning to read, but his father had not yet begun to speak to him of God, thinking that he was too young to understand such lessons. To find entrance into his mind for this great idea, in a manner suitable to his age, the father thought of this plan. In a corner of the little garden, without telling anyone of his purpose, he drew with his finger on the earth the three initial letters of his child's name, and, sowing garden tresses in the furrows thus made, covered the seed and smoothed

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the earth. "Ten days after," he tells us, "the boy came running to me all amazed, and told me that his name had grown in the garden. I smiled at these words and appeared not to attach any importance to what he said. But he insisted on taking me to see what had happened. 'Yes' said I, on coming to the place, 'I see well enough that it is so; but there is nothing wonderful in this, it is a mere accident,' and went away. But he followed me, and walking beside me, said very seriously, 'That cannot be an accident. Someone must have prepared seeds to produce such a result.' Of course, these were not his very words, but this was the substance of his thought. 'You think, then,' said I to him, 'that what here appears as regular as the letters of your name, cannot be the product of chance?' 'Yes' said he firmly, 'I think so.' 'Well, then, look at yourself, consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and all your members, and do not they seem to you regular in their appearance and useful in their service? Doubtless they do. Can they, then, be the result of chance?' 'No,' replied he, 'that cannot be; someone must have made me then.' 'And who is that someone?' I asked him. He replied that he did not know. I then made known to him the name of the great Being Who made all the world, and regarding His nature I gave him all the instruction that could be adapted to his age. The lesson struck him profoundly, and he has never forgotten either it or the circumstance that was the occasion of it."

Let's Cross Words

C	A	L	V	A	R	Y
O		O	A	T		A
M	Y		T		O	R
P	E	T		M	U	D
O	N		F		R	M
R		O	U	S		A
T	E	R	R	A	I	N

Judging from the large number who solved the above, Daddy concludes that our Juniors are more expert at this wholesome sport than he had reckoned. Therefore he is presenting a puzzle this month that is a little more complicated and adapted to the

skill the Juniors have displayed. Send in your solutions as soon as possible. Here's our new one:

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8
9					10			
11			12				13	
14		15				16		
		17			18			
19	20			21		22	23	
24			25		26		27	
28		29			30	31		
32								

ACROSS

1. A festival
9. A woman's glory
I. Cor. XI. 15
10. Due to the needy
11. Close
12. Earlier
13. Point of the compass. Abbrev.
14. A color
16. Familiar title of a physician
17. Adverb of direction
18. Else
19. A metal
22. Verily
eng
25. Receptacle for bricks
27. The true faith.
Abbrev.
28. Otherwise
30. Condemned by first commandment
32. Done by means of sermons

DOWN

1. Philanthropies
2. To bear ill will
3. A State. Abbrev.
4. Stirred up in quarreling
5. Article
6. Pronoun
7. Moreover
8. A pageant
15. Dark-brown
16. Lacking moisture
20. Land surrounded by water
21. Perform
23. Pagan god of love
A border
26. A noise
27. Elder. Abbrev.
31. Prefix meaning separation

The Real Missionary Spirit

Dear Daddy,

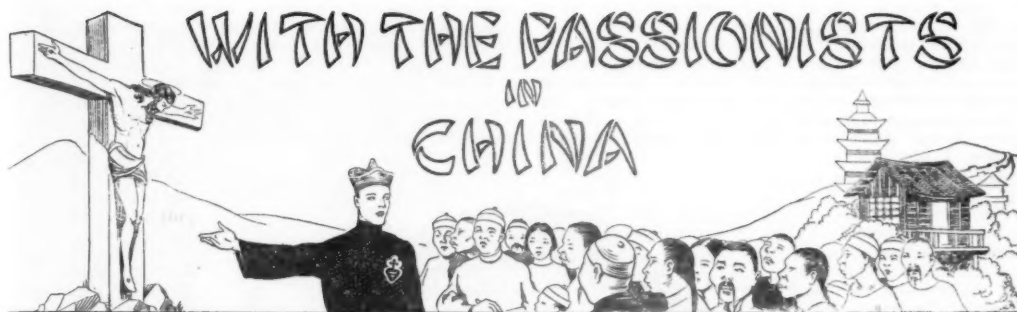
I thought of going to China when I was eight years old. Now I am ten. In the meantime I have planned many things and I am sure I will go if I live. I am ready to suffer anything for the sake of Jesus Christ even death.

Father, I am going to found an order and the name of it will be "The Divine Assistance." Do you think it will come out all right? I certainly hope it will be a success. I have decided to go to China and take a lot of lumber with me, and I am going to build a chapel, priest's house, school and a convent for the Sisters of my order.

I am very interested in THE SIGN and all its subjects. Please, Father, I would like to know what you think about my order?—Sara Ball, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Address all communications to

DADDY SEN FU,
The Sign, West Hoboken, N. J.



Arrival at Shenchowfu - - - The New Mission - - - Festival of the Dead - - - Gemma's League

Arrival At Shenchowfu

By Father Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P.

On a Sunday afternoon about a quarter to six we arrived safe and sound at our journey's end. A memorable occasion it was for the good Christians of the city of Shenchowfu. In spite of the fact that we were not expected before Monday at the earliest, and all arrangements for our welcome had been made for that day, we were given a very warm and unique greeting.

A fresh and favorable breeze blew up in the morning so that we made much faster time than we had dared to hope. As we were sailing along about a mile from the city, we espied Father Constantine driving down the road towards us on his mule. Truth to tell he manages the brute quite well. Also he was able to make his mind clearly and forcibly known to the Chinese. It is wonderful what the Fathers accomplish in a few months. Father Edmund, for example, though so short a time here, is able to get along quite well with the natives.

To return to the story of our arrival, we were asked to remain on board until the Christians would have time to gather and form in line to come out and meet us. We were not kept waiting long. In the distance we heard the band and soon the procession hove in sight. The band was in uniform and marched at the head of the throng. The General had graciously loaned them the band for the occasion. Then came the Mission Cadets or Boy Scouts in uniform worn for the first time,—in number about thirty five,—ranging in age from fourteen to eight. These are the scholars at Father Dominic's school. In the wake of these came the Christians, men, women, and children, and a goodly throng of the pagan townsfolk.

I wish I had the ability properly to describe the scene and the subsequent procession back to the city and up to the Mission. But no one can give in words any adequate impression of the Orient to one who has not glimpsed something of it himself. Photographs do not betray the facts, because photographs cannot reproduce color and so show the dirt and squalor; besides, nothing has yet been invented to register the stench of a Chinese city.

The Shenchowfu Parade

Anyway, we formed in line, the band and cadets leading the way and a motley crowd of all ages following. At our head we had several youths carrying poles to which were strung streamers of fire crackers so graded that as we advanced the noise increased until one would have thought a bombardment was in progress, and that the clouds of smoke meant the city was in flames. So we marched up the beach, along the narrow road and in through the city gate. Then we wound in and out the congested city streets, not as wide as a respectable side-walk, while from every window, door and shop-front, the wondering inhabitants stared with their far-away, distant stare, which one gets everywhere in China.

If you could only have been present to join in that memorable parade! It was strange, amusing, thrilling, all in one. The Chinese idea of order is a rather ample one to say the least, and they have not yet been brought to see the beauty of the straight line. The course of the serpent's back is the national form of linear rule, so that we must have made a very brave appearance indeed. There was every sort of step from goose to coolie trot. It was a case of everyone being out of step but Jim. The urchins of the town were there of course a-plenty.

We entered the compound, the air thick with powder fumes and vibrant with the deafening din. Here we were met by Fathers Dominic, Paul and Dunstan. After being regaled with more music by the band and more noise by the official pyrotechnists, we filed into the church where we sang a fervent Te Deum to the Bountiful Giver of every good gift for the generous graces showered upon us during our long and at times perilous voyage. Afterwards the Christians came into the house to meet us and to receive our blessing. It was great happiness to lift the hand of benediction over mothers and their innocent babes. It was a very light hearted group that sat down at last about the monastic board to recount the many adventures of the trip.

What Shenchowfu Is Like

I was more than agreeably surprised at the size and solidity of the church. As churches go in China, it is a building one need not fear will easily fall. The house is roomy and well able to accommodate

ADVENT IS A SEASON OF SACRIFICE.

YOU CAN HELP THE MISSIONARIES.

GIVE NOW TO PROTECT THE CHINESE POOR AGAINST THE COLD OF WINTER.

the new comers. It is truly extraordinary what Brother Lambert accomplished with such crude labor. The school building is likewise substantial, and is being rapidly put in order for the coming of the Sisters. The town is typical of its kind; an immense population cramped within the narrowest limits. As I write looking out one window, within a stone's throw, is the Temple of Hell, and though another window I see just above me the well-kept, well-built residence and church of the Reformed Protestant Mission.

Father Dominic has mapped out a course in the language and has secured the services of two proficient teachers. He hopes to start us studying without delay. All our baggage reached here in good condition. Indeed we have much to be grateful for. When one reflects on the slipshod methods of some Chinese, the number of hands through which each piece passed, and the risks of climbing the rapids, it is nothing short of miraculous.

Memories of the Trip

My trip up the river from Hankow has been a great education. One must cover the ground to properly understand. The difficulties must be met to be appreciated. I have followed the activities of the Fathers in China pretty closely by letter and through the pages of *The Sign*, but I had never conceived anything like a true picture of the country in which they labored. So true is this that I was constantly taken by surprise.

The Yuan River runs its course through continuous mountains whose sides rise from the water's edge. The hills recede on every side, tier upon tier. The emerald green slopes, dotted here and there by native thatched roofed huts and at odd points crowned by a pagoda or a temple, make a prospect beautiful in the extreme. The river bed is narrow and rocky; the current is swift; rapids occur all along the course; frequently the water is shallow and boating is perilous. The

scenery along the route is not surpassed by the Saguenay. Were the waters of the river open to steam navigation, the Yuan would be a paradise of pleasure seekers.

It is most interesting to see the strenuous and primitive methods made use of by the natives to navigate and make a highway of traffic, a river which in America would be unknown except to the huntsman and the fisherman. By means of ropes, oars,

and poles we made our way. One boat had fourteen coolies pulling it, the other, ten. Ordinarily it takes eight or ten days to make the trip from Changteh to Shenchow, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles. From five in the morning until five or six in the evening the struggle with the river goes on, with only a short rest, now and then, for rice.

To see the coolies trudging along the shore or up to their waists in water or tramping over the sharp hot stones or pulling the boat with every ounce of their strength, is something one will not readily forget. The risks are many in such a trip. So many things may happen and do happen, that one has every reason to be thankful if the journey is successfully accomplished. At any time there is the possibility of striking against a rock, or again of a rope breaking, in which event the boat is at the mercy of the current. We passed several wrecks as we came along. If a railroad ran across the province the river would be little known, and, not being navigable, would be soon forgotten. Perhaps some day when peace has been restored to China this may come to pass. May I live to see this consummation so sincerely wished! As the Englishman is reported to have said of Robinson Crusoe's Island, a sampan is a "place where there are no modern conveniences to speak of and one is forced to have recourse to all manner of crude makeshifts."

A very harrowing scene took place this morning. We were standing on the veranda when one of the boys of the Mission came and by a sign at his neck



FATHER CUTHBERT O'GARA, C. P.

YOUR MONEY SUPPLIES THE MISSIONS WITH CLOTHING, FOOD, MEDICINE.



FATHER KEVIN AND HIS CHRISTIAN WOMEN AT KIENYANG MISSION

informed us that a public execution took place. At the river's bank, a large crowd of the idle natives had gathered about a prostrate figure. A handkerchief was spread over the face; the body was rigid; the head had been severed by the public executioner. Ere long another half clad Chinaman came with a needle and thread. He took the head and adjusted it to the body and calmly proceeded to sew it on to the trunk, cutting the thread at each stitch with a piece of broken china. The onlookers appeared to be taking no little satisfaction in the spectacle. The children ran in and out as though it were a common occurrence. These people are going to take a lot of civilizing; and it is not going to be the work of a day.

The New Mission

By Father Kevin Murray, C. P.

IN the November issue of "The Sign," Father Kevin informed us of the purchase of new property for the Catholic Church at Kienyang. The following interesting letter describes his experience in taking possession of the place. He writes:

Wonderful changes have taken place in Kienyang since my last letter. The Catholic Mission now boasts of its own property. I need not worry any more about rent or looking around for some permanent abode. Before moving into the new compound, general repairs were necessary and this delayed for a while the trouble of moving.

On account of the mobilization of troops at Kienyang during this time, Father Quentin came up from Yuanchow to assist me and to act the part of watchman in the new house while I remained on duty at the old stand. This was really necessary, as Chinese soldiers are ever ready to take what does not belong to them; and Father Quentin's presence prevented many a door and piece of movable furniture from being stolen.

On four occasions, Father Quentin had to use all his strength to force these soldier-thieves to move along. He caught them in the act of walking away with some doors. One of them said: "We are not going to steal them; we only want them for a game." "Drop them!" said Father Quentin. "Drop them quick! Get out of here!" They did too. With one push, they went out. They met the wrong man when they faced Father Quentin. They realized he meant business, and did not delay to argue with him.

I secured a number of workmen to make the necessary repairs in the several buildings, and from time to time went around to see what progress they made. Many a day I wondered whether they made any progress at all. They nearly drove me mad trying to get them to do real work. Some were quite faithful, but others were afflicted with laziness of the worst kind. As usual, when the work was almost finished, ten of the carpenters went out on strike for higher wages. Three of them, however, returned to the job and I gave them a raise of sixty cash, which is about equal to three cents. When the others heard that I had given a raise to the three, they were also anxious to return to work. But I gave them the grand bounce. A raise of three cents may seem small to Americans, but to the Chinese who labor seven days of the week it means much in making their lives a bit more comfortable even though the three cents can only buy an extra cake or some delicacy to their liking.

A man came running over from the old house to tell me that some soldiers had entered the place and demanded tea. Immediately I hurried to give them their walking papers, but they had already gone before I reached the place. The catechist informed me they were extremely bold. When told that the Catholic Mission refused admittance to them, they said: "We don't care." When told that a foreign priest was in charge of the Mission, and that they must respect him, they replied: "We'll kill him. He is no better than a Chinese whom we wouldn't hesitate to kill."

I sent word to their commanding officer, when I heard of these threats, and asked him for a proclamation protecting the Mission from any further molestation from the soldiers. The remarks made by the soldiers had to go by, because they left the Mission before I returned. Were the numbers or names of the men known or reported to their commander, it is certain they would have learned a good lesson not to enter the Catholic Mission and make threats.

When the new compound was ready, we had a real moving day. No autovans eased the work. Everything had to be carried by hand. Of course everyone in the Mission helped, as all were anxious to occupy the new house. I remained at the old place sending things over to Father Quentin. He remarked afterwards: "You kept me going." "Yes," I said, "it is easier to tear down than to build up or replace." Two weeks went by before we felt that the new quarters were in a respectable condition. We never before had a Chinese home like this. It is quite different from the "old pawn shop," that I formerly lived



FATHER KEVIN AND HIS CHRISTIAN MEN AT THE KIENYANG MISSION

AS OFTEN AS YOU SUPPORT THE MISSIONS, YOU GIVE TO CHRIST.

MISSIONARIES ASK YOU FOR FERVENT PRAYERS AND GENEROUS ALMS.

in. Now there is some feeling of security against bandits and roughneck soldiers, for a strong wall about thirty feet high surrounds the Mission.

I have received permission from the Bishop to reserve the Blessed Sacrament, a permission which conditions in the old house prevented. With our Best Friend always with us, the former paganistic atmosphere has given place to a genuine Catholic one. No one now complains of the devil frightening them at night. Holy Water is the favorite remedy against the devil here. One Sunday I urged the Christians to keep holy water in their homes at all times. For a while I thought none of them understood my words, but a day or two later several came to me asking for the blessed water. I believe some of them must drink it, since they come so frequently for it.

On account of moving into the new buildings, I could not give the usual time to instructions. However, on the Feast of the Assumption, I baptized nine, and on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross in September, I had five more for the ceremonies of solemn Baptism. Our progress is slow, but God is infinitely good and certainly gives us great help to win souls for Him. In good time the Kienyang Mission will be one of the best in northwest Hunan. Anyhow, the missionary who comes after me will find a nice chapel and a good school to continue the work.

On two occasions I was asked the same question by different people regarding the whereabouts of their deceased parents. One Christian asked me if she could pray for her mother, who had died several years ago. My Catechist asked me if I would offer Mass for her mother who had been dead seven years. This lady is comparatively young in the Faith, but displays a wonderful grasp of Catholic teaching, all credit being due to Father Timothy who received her into the True Fold. She told me that her mother had never heard of the Catholic Church, and although she performed pagan rites, she did it in good faith. Her question was whether her mother's soul was in hell. She could not believe it, since she had learned that God's mercy is infinite and that her mother lived a very good life. I settled her anxiety, and she seemed more at ease about the matter. She desired to keep a day of strict abstinence for her mother's soul, but I persuaded her to say special prayers instead and to offer good works for her mother.

Almost daily I meet instances that prove the grace of God is doing wonders in this hitherto neglected vineyard. If future con-

verts to the faith among the Chinese are only as solid in the practice of their religion as so many of these people, the efforts of the missionaries will be amply rewarded and God will be truly glorified.

What a pride the Christians take in their new chapel! Forty pews were made to replace the low benches used in our former oratory. It is easy to see how much they appreciate the pews. The sanctuary is quite spacious, enclosed by an altar railing, another improvement. Over the altar hangs a large picture of the Crucifix at Limpas. The chapel is dedicated to Jesus Crucified. I hope the Mission Cross will arrive safely in the near future. When it surmounts the altar, I will look for the most wonderful results in this mission.

Last Sunday I gave a short talk on the Gospel, the cure of ten lepers and the gratitude of one of them. I pointed out to the people that the first and most important act of gratitude should be to thank Jesus Crucified for the redemption of the world. The figure of our Blessed Savior stretched on His Cross is a sermon in itself, and little persuasion is necessary to inspire gratitude in those who sympathize with One Who gave His Life that all might live forever.

Very soon I hope to start a school for boys. Several have already asked me to open one. Many of them have a great desire to learn English. If I can find the time, it would be a benefit to myself as well as to the boys to give instructions in my own language. On several occasions I noticed that I am getting rusty and need practice. Since coming to Kienyang, I have met a few Chinese who had previously studied English. Though not perfect scholars, they were glad to use what knowledge they had of it.

The present postmaster at Kienyang can read English with ease, which is much to my benefit, as his predecessor used to misdirect my mail.

It is now four months since the mail boat arrived here. I have received notice from different quarters that parcels were sent away back in February and here it is September and they have not yet appeared. If the bandits took them, I will have a long wait for the packages sent to me. They are still at their favorite pastime of looting and killing. As a matter of fact, conditions are growing worse rather than improving. The soldiers are out trying to keep the main roads clear of the bandits, but very often the soldiers themselves play a good game at looting. It is taking chances to leave the town without a bodyguard.



LOONGWHA PAGODA FROM THE STONE BRIDGE SHOWING STREET VENDORS AND RICKSHAWS

SELFISHNESS OR SELF SACRIFICE? HOW WILL YOU PROVE YOUR CHOICE?

THE MISSIONS IN CHINA DEPEND UPON YOU TO MAKE PROGRESS GREATER.

My nearest neighbors, Father Timothy and Quentin, are at Yuanchow, just thirty miles from here. It is far from calling such a trip a joyride, especially with a hot sun blazing its rays upon you. Once I made this trip on foot, and, at almost every village I had to stop to get a drink of water or tea, or else scoop up some water from a roadside spring.

Realizing that the other missionaries deserve a hearing, I will save other incidents for a future letter. Since some of my friends call me a little fellow and imagine I am not able to stand this rough life in China, let me assure everyone of them that I am in the best of health and happy in my God-given vocation.

Assuring all my friends of a daily remembrance at the altar, I conclude by asking prayers for the success of this Kienyang Mission.

Festival of the Dead

By Father Raphael Vance, C. P.

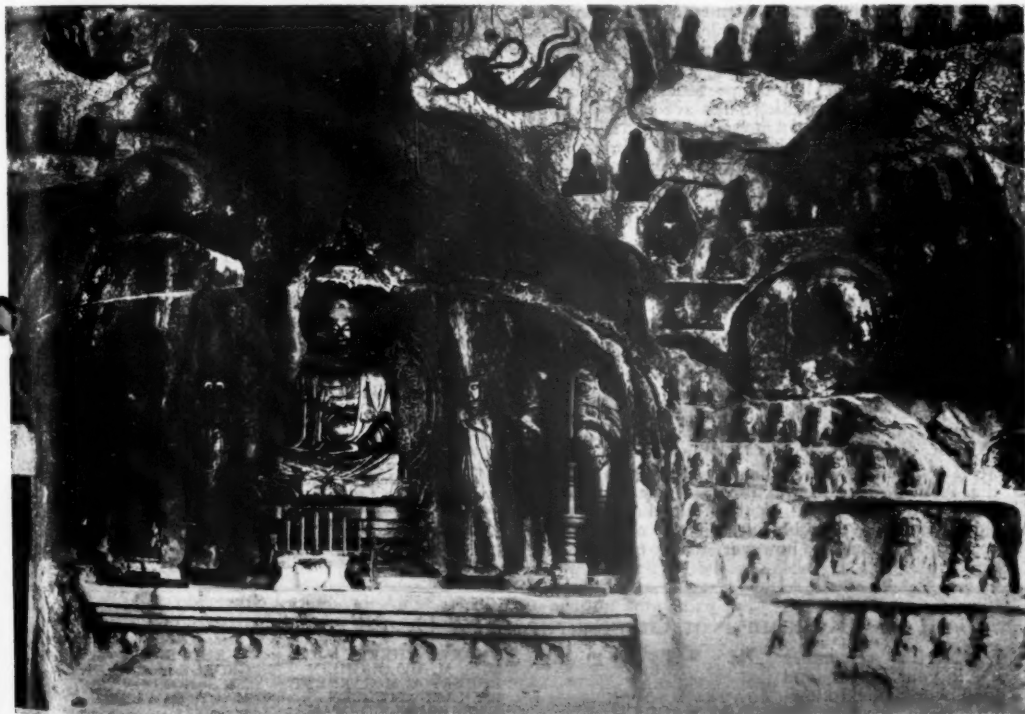
It is a well known fact that the Chinese have great respect for the dead. They worship their ancestors. At stated times they visit the tombs and there perform pagan rites in memory of the departed. It is regarded a sacred thing to be buried with their own people. Frequently therefore the steamers arriving in China from all parts of the world have as part of their cargo the bodies or bones of deceased Chinamen seeking a final resting place with their families. Few

however know that during August every year the Chinese observe a special festival in memory of the departed. Father Raphael sends us the following account of this feast, which he witnessed at Hankow this year:

The Festival of the Dead is observed every year in the seventh month. As Chinese year begins in February, this feast comes in August. As a rule, the feast runs for a whole month, though strictly speaking it should not continue beyond two weeks. The Chinese name for it is Yu Lan Chieh. As a festival, it is observed everywhere in China and considered one of the most important times of the year.

When Ancesters Return

The Chinese entertain the idea that on the first day of the seventh month all the departed are allowed a two weeks vacation, that the gates of the other world are opened, and that the spirits come out in millions. Of course, they return to the places where they spent their lives on earth. So for the length of time they are out, the air is full of spirits. Unfortunately most of the spirits come back in a rather vindictive mood, and if not appeased are likely to do any amount of mischief to helpless mortals. Their favorite method is making people fall sick. A great deal of sickness is common at this season of the year. The foreigners say it is due to the intense heat and the unsanitary conditions of the homes, and also to the immense quantity of raw vegetables consumed. The Chinese however declare it is all due to the spirits.



INTERIOR OF THE STONE HOUSE CAVE NEAR HANKOW. THERE ARE 1000 DISCIPLES OF BUDDHA CARVED ON THE ROCK WALLS

WHEN GIVING CHRISTMAS GIFTS, REMEMBER POOR CHILDREN IN CHINA.

YOUR OWN HAPPINESS WILL BE AS GREAT AS YOU MAKE OTHERS HAPPY.

The wealthy Chinese are pleased to receive a visit from their ancestors and go to great expense to treat them handsomely. Having had nothing to eat for a whole year, the spirits come with a tremendous hunger. An abundant feast therefore is prepared for them. This is generally placed where everybody can be impressed by the piety of the family. Some bonz or pagan priests are engaged to chant litanies, to burn incense, and to do all they can to praise and honor the ancestors.

The Express to Eternity

The ghostly visitors receive many presents. Their future needs must be provided for. This fortunately is easy, for according to the Chinese when paper models are burned they turn into the real thing in the other world. Money of course is necessary, so millions of mock cash go up in smoke. Houses are needed in Hades, and so they are made of paper and bamboo and are often as high as ten feet. Paper clothing of all kinds is burned. Paper servants are also cast into the fire. To make sure the right ghost gets all that belongs to him, documents are drawn up and signed in the presence of witnesses, certifying to the conveyance of the property and stipulating that on its arrival in the other world it shall be handed over to the person mentioned in the bond. This important paper is dispatched by the same post as the property and thrown into the fire.

Some Hankow Chinese provided up to date affairs for their visiting spirits. In one place they built a paper house about ten feet high with electric bulbs and fans in the different apartments. Another one made a complete paper automobile, with head lights, steering wheel, chauffeur, and every detail perfect.

The chief trouble at this season comes from homeless ghosts, who have left no posterity and have no one to care for their needs. They are more dreaded than any other kind. In some temples tablets of extinct families are carefully preserved, so that when this festival comes around a spread will be prepared for them. Some of the tablets represent families that existed thousands of years ago, but as they may still be hungry soothing music is provided to invite them to eat.

Lights on the River

The Chinese believe there is no such thing in the other world as running water. So through fear that some of the spirits might fall into the river and be carried away, they set a number of little lights floating on the water. They take a sheet of paper and form it into a small cup. A dab of tallow and a cotton wick is placed in it and lighted. These little light houses are intended to warn the spirits to keep away and go a different direction for safety.

The 15th of the month is considered the greatest day of the festival, for that is the last day of ghostly liberty. Before daylight of the following morning, all the visitors have to be back in the other world. As a matter of custom, however, many continue the

ceremonies for a while longer. After the 15th of August, everybody looks for better health conditions. If one survives all the risks exposed by the visitors, he thinks no harm will happen to him for a whole year.

You may see from this one instance how terribly enslaved the poor Chinese are by superstition and paganism. What a difference there will be, when we have persuaded them to cast aside such foolish notions and to believe in the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory and prayers for the dead! How much happier they will be when All Souls Day and month of November will take the place of their pagan festival, and the days of August instead of being full of dread will be changed to honor the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven!

Such scenes remind us that we are only beginning and we have much to accomplish before China becomes a Catholic nation. The pagans seem to outnumber us more than a thousand to one. We need missionaries, churches, and schools. More than anything else we need prayers and the means to keep up our work and make progress. It is truly God's work and so far the Fathers have succeeded very well in all the missions. We have a great deal to be thankful for, and yet the field looks so vast, the population so large, our resources so small, the missionaries so few, that many of us will see the years go by and find others coming to reap the harvest we are now trying so hard to prepare for Christ Crucified.

One of my consolations here is the devotion of the Christians to the Sacred Passion. With the Bishop's permission, I have been able to start the Archconfraternity of the Passion at Paoising and at the different stations. Thanks to generous benefactors in America, pictures of the Stations of the Cross arrived safely. The men here framed them and made the wooden crosses for them. They are now erected in every mission in my care. So many ask questions about them, the Catechists and myself have numerous opportunities to speak of the Sacred Passion to the people. It is encouraging beyond measure to see Jesus Crucified becoming better known and loved, for this is the reason we Passionists came to China.

Gemma's League

The following spiritual works were offered during October for the Passionist Missions in China:

Spiritual Treasury	
Masses said	12
Masses heard	26,056
Holy Communions	16,751
Visits to Blessed Sacraments	48,392
Spiritual Communions	100,077,654
Benediction Services	8,724
Sacrifices, Offerings	240,912
Stations of the Cross	8,288
Visits to the Crucifix	116,791
Beads of the Five Wounds	1,111
Visits to Our Lady	18,175
Offerings of the Precious Blood	305,998
Rosaries	30,549
Beads of the Seven Dolors	8,262
Ejaculatory Prayers	5,360,347
Hours of Study, Reading	29,157
Hours of Labor	39,795
Acts of Kindness, Charity	114,138
Acts of Zeal	384,886
Prayers, Devotions	1,187,217
Various Works	768,878

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.
RT. REV. BISHOP GUNN
REV. PETER B. CORR
BRIDGET TOOLE

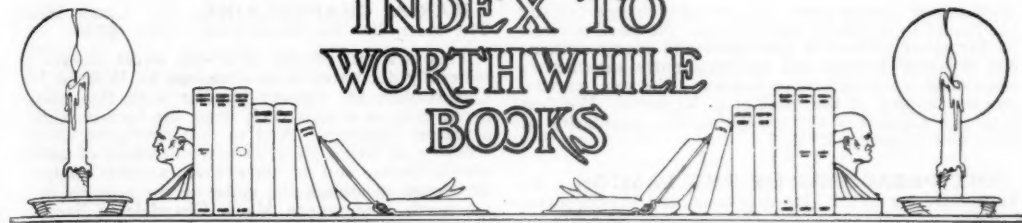
MRS. M. PRYOR
MRS. UNGER
MRS. MURRAY
JAMES MADDEN
ROSE MADDEN
JAMES J. MADDEN
MRS. JOHN MULHERN
MARGARET HUSCHEDE
PATRICK TOOLE
MRS. T. J. ALLAND
MARTIN J. CORLEY

THOMAS CHERRY
MRS. M. McLOUGHLIN
ROBERT A. McGARRETT
RICHARD MULLEN
KATHERINE GORMAN
PATRICK DUNN
JOHN CARRAHER
ANNE CHESLER
MRS. MULLINS
ANNE DOLAN
LUCY V. McANALLY

TERENCE McGOWN
GEORGE McLAUGHLIN
MISS GORDON
MARY LAWLER

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE CONTRAST. By Hillaire Belloc. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. Price: \$2.50.

"By Hillaire Belloc" at once connotes the idea of a book worth-while, and "The Contrast" is really worth-while. It is meaty, illuminating, and quite flattering to Americans. If we did not know Mr. Belloc we might be tempted to think that he was employed by a transatlantic steamship line to swell the number of English tourists to Manhattan, or by an American railroad to broadcast the slogan, "See America First."

However knowing the gifted author as we do, we gather from his work the impression rather of his rotund figure fired with the vision of conflict, hewing great stones of thought, building them into a round tower, scampering to its parapet, and, shaking his fist belligerently at his invisible foes, awaiting with French ardor and English pugnacity the appearance of his enemies that he might hurl the javelins of his genius into their panoplied vitals.

He states the theme of the book uncompromisingly. "My thesis," he writes, "is that the New World is wholly alien to the Old." In these days when we are naively informed that we Americans are cousins to the inhabitants of the tight little isle between France and Ireland, when we are conscientiously taught that the Revolution was, after all, but a family squabble and that what separates us from our English cousins is only water—in such days as these Mr. Belloc undertakes and with much success to prove that all this 'Nordic race,' 'hands-across-the-sea' stuff is, in forceful popular parlance, "pure bunk."

At the outset he disregards some prevalent European ideas about America. He does not, for instance, think that Americans are either children or barbarians. Again, he does not think that American culture is inferior to European culture; he contends that it is merely different. All of which points to the proof of his thesis that the United States is utterly foreign to Europe.

After thus stating generally that Americans though speaking (almost) the same language as Englishmen yet are really foreigners, he proceeds to a specific study of the contrast between the New World and the Old.

There is first, the Physical Contrast. An American landscape is totally different from a European landscape. American rivers are unlike European rivers: the former are meandering blots of water, the latter are as neat and trim as an English garden. And even where water and woods and sky meet in America, the meeting is altogether different from the meeting of water and woods and sky in Europe.

Then the author proceeds to show the contrast in social life, in politics (with interest and cogency he explains how the United States is a monarchy whereas England is not), in military experience, in letters, in language, in the treatment of Jews, in foreign policy, and in religion. Religion is not the last in order, but we have placed it there because this particular chapter of Mr. Belloc's book has excited unfavorable comment from some Catholics in this country. These men in

their zeal for Americanism have proceeded with no little bitterness to flay a man who has done as much, if not more, for the Catholic cause as they have. He thinks that America as it has already produced a new culture, as it will assuredly produce a new literature, will also produce a new religion. He considers a conflict between the Church and State in this country as inevitable. Perhaps he is wrong, perhaps he takes Americans too seriously, perhaps he gives them credit for more creative ability than they have; yet the repeated attempts to pass immoral legislation, the sewerage of moral filth that is passing through the country, the presence of the K. K. K. and similar significant facts lend a touch of probability to his contention.

These few words do not by any means exhaust the fund of interesting and incisive thoughts contained in this book. The volume is tessellated with glittering observations which makes its perusal pleasant and profitable.—N. Mc.

BERTA AND BETH. By Clementia. Matre & Co., Chicago. Price: \$1.00.

MISSY. By Inez Specking. Price: \$1.25. **WHERE MONKEYS SWING.** By Neil Boynton, S. J. Price: \$1.25. **LIFE OF BLESSED THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS.** Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$1.00.

The above books are intended particularly for youngsters. Of the first two "Berta and Beth" and "Missy" we waive the capacity to judge. They are written presumably for girls, hence our incompetency. This does not mean that they are not readable and delightful books.

"Berta and Beth" at least has been acclaimed by a host of young readers, which is really the best test of its worth. "Missy" is a series of episodes containing, according to the jacket, "rare fresh humor in every incident" and "there is beauty, not only in the viewpoint but in the treatment." There really is beauty in the book and humor too. But there is also pathos, deep pathos: the story is almost too realistic to put in the hands of a child.

"Where Monkeys Swing" is better, fresher. It is a book for boys by—we do not think Father Boynton will object—a bigger boy than themselves. It is a story of an American boy's adventures in India. "Mousie" Moran stranded in Bombay spends an exciting week with jungle cats and cobras and turbaned natives, introduces the American language into a mission conducted by American priests, and enjoys himself hugely trying to catch monkeys. The book, written in Fr. Boynton's breezy American fashion, is thoroughly enjoyable to any man who is not petrified by senility or sophistication. It has a strong missionary appeal: one name at least of the priest characters is, we fancy, in loving tribute to an American Jesuit who died on the Indian Mission.

This little life of Blessed Therese will do much to foster devotion to her. The text is simple, the pictures are exceptionally interesting; some of them have not to our knowledge appeared before. The reproduction

THE † SIGN

from actual photographs will perhaps change slightly the reader's conception (gained from the usual portrait by her sister Celine) of this wonderful young woman; but the new picture will be even more satisfactory since it is truer and more human. The one unsatisfactory feature of the booklet is its price. We fear that the publishers are exploiting the popularity of the Little Flower.—R. V. T.

THE PREACHERS OF THE PASSION. By Father Herbert, C. P. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, London.

This is a book about Passionists by a Passionist. Modestly therefore suggests reticence; but truth compels us to remark that the story is edifying and interestingly told. Besides, the narrative deals especially with Irish and English Passionists of whom our readers cannot know very much. If they wish to learn more about the Passionists in England and Ireland, if they desire intimate acquaintance with Venerable Dominic, Father Ignatius Spencer, and other note-worthy Passionists, let them procure this book. Familiar as we are with all literature concerning the Passionist Order, we know of no volume that so splendidly and strikingly sets forth the spirit of the institute as does *The Preachers of the Passion*.—L. M.

COMMUNION DEVOTIONS FOR RELIGIOUS. By the Sisters of Notre Dame. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$2.75.

The Blessed Sacrament is the lode-stone that draws the hearts of boys and girls to the Heart of God and leads them into the silence and solitude of the cloister, the Blessed Sacrament is the everlasting and only adequate answer to the world's query, "Why this waste of noble manhood and womanhood? How can such bright creatures, so needful for the moral betterment of society, burn out their lives far from the haunts and marts of men?" The Blessed Sacrament as Communion, the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of the Son of God is the strength, the solace, the reward of that generous and noble-hearted band which, despite its frailty and human shortcomings, earnestly tries to serve God to the best of its ability. In order to help these seekers after spiritual perfection to realize the Gift that God condescends to give them, to help them better prepare for the coming of the Great King and more fitly welcome Him, this book of devotions has been prepared. The writings of the Saints, the Ecclesiastical Year, the Holy Scriptures—all have been made to yield their incense of prayer which, cast on the ardent hearts of religious, will ascend unto the Throne of the Most High as an odor of sweetness.

The book is bound in imitation leather, limp, with red edges. It can be procured also in American seal, limp, gold edges for \$3.75.—C. J. M.

WHEN THE MOON BECAME A CHINAMAN. By Milton McGovern. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$1.75.

Yet another aspirant knocks for admission to the temple of Literature, and this one a Franciscan Friar. Being of that illustrious Order we know that he will receive in humility the many adverse criticisms that his first offering is bound to elicit. We do not intend, however, to brighten the heavenly crown of this worthy writer; we have nothing but praise for his literary effort. The stories, contained in this collection, are good, every one of them. Especially worthy of note, in our opinion, is "Tobey." We trust that we have not seen the last of this promising author, but that he will give us yet many more interesting and instructive tales.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE. By Louis Hemon. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$2.50.

This is a gift edition of a sad, sweet story. It is tastefully decorated from drawings by Wilfred Jones. Our readers are already familiar with this pastoral, prose epic—a song struck from the human heart by a master musician. And to that revelation of rustic chivalry, of living piety, of naive heroism, of guileless unselfishness, and of pure love, another artist has succeeded in adding the spirit of the seasons in that far north land where Maria Chapdelaine lived, and the visages of the people with whom her lot was cast. These fugitive gleams are scattered throughout the book, and lie in the reader's path like wind-blown petals of roses.

LA ROUX. By Johnston Abbott. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$2.25.

This is another tale of Canada; but, unlike "Maria Chapdelaine," which treats of modern Canada, "La Roux" deals with the Canada of olden days. This tale naturally suffers in comparison with its modern sister, but possesses nevertheless a certain charm. It tells of the adventures of a high-bred French girl who braves the rigors of a pioneer settlement in order to make restitution of money stolen by her father. The motif is rather improbable; hence the plot is weak. But while the end is hardly ever in doubt, a certain amount of skill is shown in the introduction of the various obstacles: and the denouement manifests the dramatic power of the author. Mr. Abbott is, we fear, an incorrigible optimist; he certainly puts a heavy strain on the moral fibre of his characters. However, though some of the incidents are rather unconventional, the story is clean and, in places, thrilling. The tale is told in the first person, and the teller announces himself to be a French Catholic. Priests and Catholic practices are treated with great respect; but we feel, under correction, that the author, if a Catholic, is out of touch with the Catholic instinct: the letter is Catholic but, to our mind, the spirit is not.

WHY JEWS BECOME CATHOLICS. Edited by Rosalie Marie Levy. Published by the Author, 14 East 29th St., Price: \$1.00.

This is a collection of authentic narratives of Jews who have become Catholics, and in each narrative is interwoven the reason why the person in question did become a Catholic. Most of the narratives are in the actual words of the converts themselves; others are from the pens of their personal friends, or are derived from authentic sources by the editor. The brief life-sketches contained in this volume are very edifying and illuminating: they give a keener insight into the workings of Divine Providence, and expose some of the means, often trivial, which God uses to draw upright and sincere souls to Himself.—S. E. L.

CHRIST'S OWN SERMON. Being the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Chapters of the Gospel Narrative according to St. Matthew. The Sign, West Hoboken, N. J. Price: 10 cents.

Many non-Catholics in attempting to prove that the Holy Scriptures are inspired, adduce as proof of their contention the sweetness and unction contained in the sacred writings. We Catholics refuse of course to admit the validity of such an argument; but we do not by any means deny, on the contrary we affirm, that the Holy Scriptures do contain an unction not found in any other writings. Indeed of the force and sweetness and the spirit of God contained in the pages of the Bible, the pamphlet "Christ's Own Sermon" is abundantly illustrative. We suggest it as a Christmas remembrance instead of the usual Christmas card.

Shepherds and Kings

THREE FACTS

THE Gospel narrative of our Blessed Savior's birth at Bethlehem contains three circumstances worthy of notice and imitation. The facts are: two classes of people went to see the Infant Jesus; some were shepherds and some were kings; they worshipped Him and presented gifts; they departed from Him with wondrous joy and heavenly peace.

OUR THOUGHTFUL FRIENDS

THE visitors to the stable at Bethlehem, unlike most people, were eager to welcome Christ the Lord. They hastened to the place of His birth. In a similar way people are anxious to do something for the Chinese Missions. They willingly make some sacrifice to support the missionaries in their glorious work of bringing the Chinese people to know and love the Savior of the world.

ACCEPTABLE GIFTS

THE shepherds gave to the Infant Saviour their purity of heart, their childlike faith, and the

offerings of the poor. The kings offered to Him their gold, frankincense, and myrrh. The monthly donation list shows us the shepherds and kings, who give to Christ in His poor in China. Some can only afford a little to get food, medicine, clothing or material for chapels. Some give generously as God has given to them. But every mite helps. Every large donation advances the good work. Every gift for the Chinese Missions will be accepted with gratitude.

APPRECIATION

GOD'S generosity is infinite. Undoubtedly the happiness of the shepherds and kings when they departed from Bethlehem more than repaid them for their visit and gifts to Christ. The benefactors of the Chinese Missions may feel certain that God will bless them for their gifts. The missionaries are truly grateful, and pray earnestly that all who support them may receive a hundred-fold in return.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors of our Missionaries and their Missions. Please help to make the list grow bigger. Holy Scripture says: "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even to bestow willingly a little." (Tobias 4/9.)

CIRCLES: Holy Family, \$45.00; Holy Souls, \$12.00; St. Joanna, \$12.00; Little Flower, \$7.00; St. Margaret Mary, \$5.00; No. 3, \$5.00; St. Louise, \$5.00; St. Julia, \$4.50.	\$1.70; M. D., \$1.00; M. W., \$5.00; J. R., \$3.00; D. M. C., \$3.00; M. G., \$10.00; B. L., \$1.00; H. G., \$5.00; H. K., \$5.40; M. G., \$7.74; M. E. D., \$3.30; D. D., \$1.00; B. O. M., \$1.00; C. M., \$1.00; M. M. G., \$1.00; Newark, C. G. D., \$5.00; M. C., \$5.20; J. R. C., \$5.00; S. V. A., \$2.00; T. J. R., \$10.00; Orange, M. M. F., \$5.00; Plainfield, L. G., \$100.00; Rahway, M. T., \$3.00; Roselle Park, E. M. H., \$4.60; Weehawken, K. O., \$5.00; M. R., \$2.00; K. F. K. L. M., \$16.00; A. R., \$9.75; West Hoboken, W. H., \$5.00; Anon., \$50.00; Anon., \$5.80; F. B., \$6.00; S. M., \$15.00; R. L., \$5.00; M. R. V. S., \$2.20.	M. M. D., \$2.00; R. F. \$2.00; C. M. B., \$1.00; E. F., \$2.00; Peekskill, T. F., \$5.00; Richmond Hill, H. F. B., \$3.00; Tuckahoe, E. M. G., \$1.00; West Brighton, A. T. \$1.00.
CALIF.: Pasadena, L. M. F. \$5.00; Watts, S. L. S., \$5.00.	OHIO: Cleveland, M. S. D., \$5.00; Columbus, S. A. S., \$25.00; S. J. S., \$10.00.	ONT.: Teeswater, A. M., \$1.00; J. B., \$1.00.
ILL.: Chicago, E. S., \$1.00; De Kalb, S. M., \$1.00.	PA.: Bristol, C. F. B., \$5.00; Duquesne, T. B., \$1.00; Dunmore, D. B., \$5.00; M. R., \$10.00; Freeland, H. M. M., \$1.40; Hawley, D. C., \$1.00; Larksville, M. B. G., \$5.00; McKeesport, A. B., \$2.00; New Castle, E. Q., \$1.00; Norristown, E. C., \$1.00; M. E., \$1.00; M. J. L., .50; I. M., .50; Philadelphia, A. G., \$2.00; S. M. J., \$5.00; E. L., \$5.00; S. M. J., \$15.00; H. T. B., \$4.27; E. S., \$1.00; J. F., \$1.00; Pittsburgh, M. C. L., \$3.00; S. M., \$5.00; Anon., \$50.00; S. M. C., \$15.00; C. M. D., \$4.00; S. M. R., \$5.00; S. M., \$1.00; F. W. R., \$5.00; J. F. S., \$10.00; M. E. M., \$2.00; M. C., \$10.00; Friend, \$5.00; Ridgway, N. H. M., \$5.00; Scranton, F. J., \$5.00; S. B., \$5.00; S. M. J., \$10.00; Friend, \$25.00; Friend \$25.00; Uniontown, S. J. C., \$15.25; Williamsport, M. T. W., \$2.00.	R. I.: Pawtucket, S. M. N., \$5.00; Providence, L. C., \$1.35.
KY.: Louisville, S. H. S., \$20.00.	WIS.: Beloit, S. W., \$1.00.	
LA.: Ottomere, Friend, \$7.00.		
MD.: Baltimore, E. M. U., \$10.00; W. M., \$5.00; M. W., \$10.00; Anon., \$3.20; M. K., \$3.93.		
MASS.: Boston, E. R., \$5.00; Brighton, J. M. R., \$15.00; Brookline, J. A. M., \$2.00; M. B., \$5.00; Cambridge, G. B., \$1.00; Canton, S. S., \$10.00; Dorchester, H. B. V., \$7.25; Malden W. M. E., \$25.00; Roxbury, M. E. S., \$8.30; K. M. D., \$5.00; Springfield, M. P., \$2.00; M. C., \$2.00; Wollaston, G. M., \$30.00.		
MICH.: Gagetown, S. M. M., 12.50.		
MO.: St. Louis, J. B. W., \$5.00; K. E. K., \$2.00; Anon., \$1.00.		
N. J.: Edgewater, M. E. D., \$3.00; M. D., \$3.00; East Orange, C. O. C., \$1.00; Guttenburg, S. J. W., \$10.00; Harrison, J. S., \$4.60; M. W., \$2.00; Hilton, R. F. G., \$10.00; Hoboken, J. C., \$5.00; M. M., \$4.80; Irvington, A. B., \$5.00; Jersey City, E. G., \$2.00; D. E., \$2.61; S. J. M., \$5.00; M. K., \$5.00; M. C., \$5.00; Anon.,		
	N. Y.: Brooklyn, M. U., \$2.21; A. M. K., \$2.00; M. A. S., \$1.00; Anon., \$1.00; S. M. G., \$5.00; Buffalo, M. G., \$5.20; Dunkirk, K. I. K., \$19.00; A. L. H., \$1.00; M. A. K., \$1.00; H. W., \$1.00; Kew Gardens, M. M., \$3.00; Kingston, B. S., \$2.00; Lockport, A. H., \$5.00; Long Island City, M. D., \$5.00; V. C., \$2.00; N. C. R., \$2.00; Niagara Falls, S. M. G., \$6.00; New York City, A. F., \$20.00; L. B. H., \$10.00; F. F., \$5.00; M. F., \$5.00; R. S., \$5.00; C. M. G., \$25.00; M. D., \$1.00; D. B. G., \$1.00; A. F., \$17.00; S. F. H., \$3.50; K. K., \$1.00; K. S., \$1.00; A. A. \$3.00; J. R., \$3.00; J. L., \$5.00; M. F., \$100.00; M. W. D., \$2.00; F. J. C., \$25.00; M. O. B., \$3.00; T. E. M., \$4.40;	

"I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling." (3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more Chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDoubtedly, some of our Readers can afford to build a Chapel. *It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience.* Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memorial in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

Our Chapels

Holy Trinity	\$180.00
Sacred Heart.....	\$210.00
Our Mother of Sorrows	\$185.00
St. Michael.....	\$160.00
St. Joseph.....	\$175.00
St. Patrick.....	\$144.00
St. Paul of the Cross	\$155.00
St. Gabriel.....	\$169.00
Little Flower.....	\$145.00
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$10,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage	\$375.00

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to carry out our building program.

Please address your donations to:
PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of **THE SIGN**
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

PLEASE GIVE NOW! THE MISSIONARIES' NEEDS ARE PRESSING.

A GOOD thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss.

A MITE BOX WILL HOLD ANY KIND OF MONEY. WHEN IT IS FILLED, BREAK IT OPEN AND SEND US THE CONTENTS IN CHECK OR MONEY-ORDER OR CASH.

This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want, —the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

A DIME BANK HOLDS DIMES. ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM. WHEN THE BANK IS FILLED, WRAP IT SECURELY AND SEND IT TO US BY REGISTERED MAIL.

THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

Reverend Fathers:

Dime Bank
Mite Box

Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

Name:

Address:

Please write or print Name and Address very plain

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF

Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.
At Close of Business, December 31, 1923

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds.....	\$1,733,301.86
Mortgages.....	1,183,263.25
Loans, (Demand and Time).....	294,900.00
Bills Purchased.....	957,676.47
Banking House.....	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1.00
Cash on Hand.....	161,971.78
Due from Banks.....	137,360.82
Accrued Interest.....	30,333.01
	\$4,584,049.41

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	153,776.76
Deposits.....	4,130,272.65
	\$4,584,049.41

Trust Funds are kept separate from the
assets of the Company

**A
Banking
House
of Merit**

**OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPFULNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED**

2 Per Cent Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will
receive prompt and accurate
attention

OFFICE HOURS

Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

OUR representative has called at
the Brunswick Laundry, 220
Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City,
N. J., and made a thorough inspection
of the Largest Laundry in America. He
was astonished to find cleanliness and
sanitation brought to perfection, he has
found over 600 Employees, cheerful,
healthy and satisfied with their jobs,
their pay and their employers. Patrons
are always invited to visit this large
plant and see for themselves the process
of washing and ironing. The Brun-
swick Laundry's policy has always been
fair play to all employees and custom-
ers. We gladly recommend this firm
to our readers.

**"THE LIFE OF CHRIST"
IN TEXT AND PICTURES**

Text By

REV. HERBERT McDEVITT, C. P.

Picture from plastic models by
DOMENICO MASTROIENNI

We venture to say that this is the most beauti-
ful popular Life of Christ in the English language.
The book measures 7 x 9 1/4 inches. It contains
85 full page pictures printed by the rubber off-set
process in two colors. The Text is largely a
redaction of the words of the Gospel.

The price is *only* \$1.50, postage included.

Just drop a line saying, "Send me a copy of
The Life of Christ."— You can send the money
when you get the book.

Address

THE SIGN

West Hoboken

New Jersey

FOUR SQUARE

GOD'S SQUARE

GOD IS THE MASTER OF THE WORLD AND THE OWNER OF ALL THINGS IN IT. WHATEVER WE HAVE BELONGS TO HIM. WE ARE ABSOLUTELY DEPENDENT UPON HIM FOR OUR LIFE, OUR HEALTH AND OUR POSSESSIONS. WE ARE PUTTING HIM UNDER NO COMPLIMENT AT ALL BY DOING ALL THAT WE CAN FOR THE EXTENSION OF HIS KINGDOM. DO WE RECOGNIZE HIS CLAIMS?

tion of souls.***Nor will we count the cost.***Nor will we be disappointed if the results of our efforts are meagre.***Duty and today are ours. Results and the future are with God.***We have a duty to extend the kingdom of Christ.***We have today to do that duty in.***That duty is a personal duty.***In doing it we become co-workers with Christ.***Can there be a higher honor?***To fail in this duty is to commit a sin of omission.***It is to waste an opportunity for which we are responsible.***It is worse than that.***It is to forfeit the privilege of working not only for Christ but with Christ.***He puts Himself under an obligation to us.***In a certain sense His success depends upon our co-operation.***Not only does He condescend to accept our service.***He actually needs it.***There's a certain something that I can do for Him that none other can do.***Will I do it?***If I don't do it, it won't be done.***Now, who am I?***I am the reader of this notice.***I know something of what the Passionist Missionaries are doing in China.***I approve of their work and I hope that it will be abundantly blessed.***I appreciate the sacrifices they are so generously making for the salvation of souls.***But my mere approval and appreciation will mean little, if anything.***I can make it mean a great deal if I express it in the

OUR SQUARE

TWENTY-SIX YOUTHFUL PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES ARE LABORING FOR THE SALVATION OF THE CHINESE. THEY NEED SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL HELP TO BRING TO OTHERS THE RICH GRACES OF THE SACRAMENTAL CHRIST. IT IS A PRIVILEGE FOR US TO BE ALLOWED TO ASSIST THESE HEROIC MISSIONARIES AND SO SHARE IN THE LASTING RESULTS OF THEIR HOLY AND GLORIOUS APOSTLESHIP.

CHRIST'S CROSS IN CHINA

FROM time to time we are asked: "Is it worth while to work so hard for the conversion of the Chinese?" ***It is.*** There's no such thing as nationality with God, neither does He draw the color line.***Christ died for the Chinese as well as for us.***They have as much right to His Redemption as we have.***If we love Him we will work for the salva-

tion of souls.***Nor will we count the cost.***Nor will we be disappointed if the results of our efforts are meagre.***Duty and today are ours. Results and the future are with God.***We have a duty to extend the kingdom of Christ.***We have today to do that duty in.***That duty is a personal duty.***In doing it we become co-workers with Christ.***Can there be a higher honor?***To fail in this duty is to commit a sin of omission.***It is to waste an opportunity for which we are responsible.***It is worse than that.***It is to forfeit the privilege of working not only for Christ but with Christ.***He puts Himself under an obligation to us.***In a certain sense His success depends upon our co-operation.***Not only does He condescend to accept our service.***He actually needs it.***There's a certain something that I can do for Him that none other can do.***Will I do it?***If I don't do it, it won't be done.***Now, who am I?***I am the reader of this notice.***I know something of what the Passionist Missionaries are doing in China.***I approve of their work and I hope that it will be abundantly blessed.***I appreciate the sacrifices they are so generously making for the salvation of souls.***But my mere approval and appreciation will mean little, if anything.***I can make it mean a great deal if I express it in the

spiritual and material support I can give them.***I can pray for them.***I will contribute some money to the up-building of their missions.***The Missionaries will be grateful.***They'll pay me back in the coin that counts—their prayers, sacrifices, Masses.***To plant Christ's Cross in China is their ambition.***Could there be a more worthy one?***It must and does appeal to me.***I have done somethings against Christ.***Here is an opportunity of doing something for Him.***The something I do may not be much.***But it will be something.***And, besides, it will prove that I am with Christ and for Him.***Before I forget it, I'll copy out the address. Here it is:

Passionist Missionaries
Care of The Sign
West Hoboken, N. J.

CHINA'S SQUARE

MILLIONS OF POOR, IGNORANT AND WRETCHED PEOPLE IN CHINA KNOW NOTHING OF THE ONE TRUE GOD. THEY HAVE NEVER HEARD EVEN THE NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. HOW DIFFERENT THEIR LIVES WOULD BE IF THEY KNEW AND LOVED HIM! THEY ARE SIMPLY STARVING FOR THE BREAD OF LIFE. THEY HAVE A STRICT RIGHT TO SHARE IN CHRIST'S REDEMPTION.

YOUR SQUARE

YOU ARE RICH IN HAVING THE GREATEST OF ALL OF GOD'S GIFTS—THE GIFT OF FAITH. IF THIS FAITH MEANS TO YOU WHAT IT SHOULD MEAN, YOU WILL BE ANXIOUS TO BRING ITS BLESSINGS TO OTHERS. YOU ARE UNWORTHY OF THE FAITH UNLESS YOU ARE WILLING TO SPREAD IT. ONE WAY OF SPREADING IT IS BY ASSISTING THOSE WHO ARE PREACHING THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

